

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## ORESTES.

How tranquil is the night ! how calm and deep  
This sacred silence ! Not an olive leaf  
Is stirring on the slopes ; all is asleep —  
All silent, save the distant drowsy streams  
That down the hillsides murmur in their dreams.  
The vast sad sky all breathless broods above,  
And peace and rest this solemn temple steep.  
Here let us rest : it is the hour of love,  
Forgetting human pain and human grief.

But see ! half-hidden in the columned shade,  
Who panting stands, with hollow eyes dismayed,  
That glance around as if they feared to see  
Some dreaded shape pursuing ? Can it be  
Orestes, with that face so trenched and worn —  
That brow with sorrow seamed, that face for-  
lorn ?

Ay, 'tis Orestes ! we are not alone.  
What human place is free from human groan ?  
Ay, 'tis Orestes ! In the temple there,  
Refuge he seeks from horror, from despair.  
Look ! where he listens, dreading still to hear  
The avenging voices sounding in his ear —  
The awful voices that, by day and night,  
Pursue relentless his despairing flight.  
Ah ! vain the hope to flee from Nemesis !  
He starts — again he hears the horrent hiss  
Of the fierce Furies through the darkness creep.  
And list ! along the aisles the angry sweep,  
The hurrying rush of trailing robes, as when,  
Through shivering pines asleep in some dim  
glen,  
Fierce Auster whispers. Yes, even here they  
chase  
Their haunted victim — even this sacred place  
Stays not their fatal footsteps. As they come,  
Behold him with that stricken face of doom  
Fly to the altar, and there falling prone,  
Strike with his brow Apollo's feet of stone.  
"Save me !" he cries ; "Apollo ! hear and  
save ;

Not even the dead will sleep in their dark grave.  
They come — the Furies ! To this tortured  
breast

Not even night, the calm, the peaceful, can give  
rest.

Stretch forth thy hand, great god ! and bid them  
cease.

Peace, O Apollo ! give the victim peace !"

See ! the white arm above him seems to wave,  
And all at once is silent as the grave,  
And sleep stoops down with noiseless wings out-  
spread,

And brooding hovers o'er Orestes' head ;  
And like a gust that roars along the plain  
Seaward, and dies far off, so dies the pain,  
The deep remorse, that long his life hath stung,  
And he again is guiltless, joyous, young.  
Again he plays, as in the olden time,  
Through the cool marble halls, unstained by  
crime.

Hope holds his hands, joy strikes the sounding  
strings, \*

Love o'er him fluttering shakes his purple wings,  
And sorrow hides her face, and dark death  
creeps

Into the shade, and every Fury sleeps.

Sleep ! sleep, Orestes ! let thy torments cease !

Sleep ! great Apollo grants thy prayer for peace.

Sleep ! while the dreams of youth around thee  
play,

And the fierce Furies rest. — Let us away.

W. W. S.

From St. James's Magazine.

## TWILIGHT VOICES.

## I.

Now, at the hour when ignorant mortals  
Drowse in the shade of their whirling sphere,  
Heaven and Hell from invisible portals  
Breathing comfort and ghastly fear,  
Voices I hear ;  
I hear strange voices, flitting, calling,  
Wavering by on the dusky blast, —  
"Come, let us go, for the night is falling,  
Come, let us go, for the day is past !"

## II.

Troops of joys are they, now departed ?  
Winged hopes that no longer stay ?  
Guardian spirits grown weary-hearted ?  
Powers that have lingered their latest day ?  
What do they say ?  
What do they sing ? I hear them calling,  
Whispering, gathering, flying fast, —  
"Come, come, for the night is falling ;  
Come, come, for the day is past !"

## III.

Sing they to me ? — "Thy taper's wasted,  
Mortal, thy sands of life run low ;  
Thine hours like a flock of birds have hasted ;  
Time is ending — we go ! we go !"

Sing they so ?

Mystical voices, floating, calling ;  
Dim farewells — the last, the last ? —  
"Come, come away, the night is falling ;  
Come, come away, the day is past !"

## IV.

See, I am ready, Twilight Voices ;  
Child of the spirit-world am I ;  
How should I fear you ? my soul rejoices.  
O speak plainer ! O draw nigh !  
Pain would I fly !

Tell me your message, Ye who are calling  
Out of the dimness vague and vast ? —  
Lift me, take me, — the night is falling ;  
Quick, let us go, — the day is past !

W. A.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

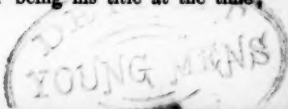
## NO. IV. — LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

THE figure of a brilliant, vivacious, and graceful woman of fashion, when we meet with it in the sober paths of history, acts as one of the lights in the picture. It is not only the sparkling point itself that charms the eye, but the depth of contrast with which it relieves the masses of shade, and clears up the misty vista. Crowds of human creatures, especially when they are dead and past, mass themselves up like trees, with an instinctive huddling together and interlacing of passions and interests. The loftier figures, which stand well apart from the throng, are too much raised above it, in most cases, to throw much light on anything but the upturned heads, the eyes of eager attention, hope, or despair, with which the multitude regards its masters. The statesmen, the great soldiers, the great poets, throw only such lights as this from above upon the expectant mass below them. But there are actors less splendid, who thread out and in through the obscure crowd, leaving each a track among the nameless throng, by means of which we can distinguish the antique disused garments, the forgotten habits, the ancient forms of speech. Through the opening ranks it is a pleasure to watch the light soul tripping in airy, old-fashioned measures to the quaint strains that are heard no longer, to observe the dim partners in its dance which it selects from the crowd, to see it clasping visionary hands, and exchanging shadowy embraces with the half-seen creatures upon whom it casts a little of its own light. That light may be but the glow-worm glitter of a bright conversational superficial soul — it may be only the shimmer of a court suit of cloth-of-gold — but we follow it with an interest which is often above its deserts; for so much as human instrumentality can, it opens the common ranks to us, and makes our ancestors visible, not in the grave shape of their wars and their systems, but in their form and fashion as they lived.

This office is not one which is specially reserved to women. Far different is the apparition of the heroic Maid or the patriot Queen. Women crowd closely upon the great highroad of the past. The unobtrusive domestic creature which is held up to us as the great model and type of the sex, could never be guessed at as its representative, did we form our ideas according to experience and evidence, in-

stead of under the happy guidance of the conventional and imaginary. Every other kind and fashion of woman, except that correct and abstract being, is to be found in history; women who are princes, heroines, martyrs, givers of good and of evil counsel, leaders of parties, makers of wars. Their robes mingle with the succincter garments of statesmen and soldiers round them, with an equality of position and interest such as no theory knows. Nor is the butterfly-woman any commoner than the man-butterfly in the world of fashion and gossip dead and gone. The example we choose is of the best kind of the species, a higher specimen than the twin-creature, Horace Walpole, for example, who occupies something like a similar rank in the unimpassioned chronicle. There are qualities in Lady Mary which are quite above the range of her brother gossip, and a human interest which transcends any claim of his; but yet the light which flashes out from her delicate lantern upon every scene through which she passes, and upon the voiceless, unluminous mass around her, is the kind of light to which we have just referred — not the illumination from above, but the level ray which goes in and out amid the crowd, and reveals everywhere, in the little spot of radiance round her figure, the thronging forms, the half-seen faces, the gestures and fashions, the cries and exclamations of the generation which is past.

Mary Wortley Montagu was born Mary Pierrepont, of noble family and many gifts — Lady Mary, softest and sweetest of all titles, from her birth — in the year 1690. We do not pretend that she ever came up to the ideal of her name; but the young creature was sweet and fair, as well as sprightly and full of life, in the early days which she makes dimly apparent in her letters. The first incident in her story conveys a curious foretaste and prevision of her whole career. Her mother died when she was a child; and her father was one of those gay and easy men of pleasure who are the sternest and most immovable of domestic tyrants. He was very fond of her so long as she was a baby unable to cross his will — proud of her infant beauty and wit, and the first rays of an intelligence which was afterwards one of the keenest and brightest of her time. He was a Whig and a man of the highest fashion, and "of course belonged to the Kiteat Club." At one of the meetings of this "gay and gallant community," the object of which was "to choose toasts for the year," Lord Dorchester (such being his title at the time;



he was afterwards Duke of Kingston) nominated his little daughter, aged eight, declaring that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members of the Club objected that their rules forbade the election to such an honour of any unknown beauty, upon which ensued the following characteristic scene:—

“Then you shall see her!” cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form on a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and what, perhaps, already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sentiments—they amounted to ecstasy; never again throughout her whole future life did she spend so happy a day. . . . Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste by having her portrait painted for the club-room that she might be enrolled a regular toast.”

This is the first appearance of the poor motherless child in the gay world she was to amuse and influence so long. After so ecstatic a glimpse of the triumphs which awaited her, she was sent back to the obscurity and seclusion which is the common fate of young-womanhood in the bud; but which, no doubt, after the above scene, was still more distasteful to the little beauty than it is in general to the captive princesses in their pinafores. There is a little controversy as to the mode of her education, of which her first polite biographer declares that “the first dawn of her genius opened so auspiciously that her father resolved to cultivate the advantages of nature by a sedulous attention to her early instruction. A classical education was not usually given to English ladies of quality when Lady Mary Pierrepont received one of the best,” adds the courtly historian. “Under the same preceptors as Viscount Newark, her brother, she acquired the elements of the Greek, Latin, and French languages with the greatest success. When she had made a singular proficiency, her studies were superintended by Bishop Burnet, who fostered her superior talents with every expression of dignified praise.” This is very fine language, and there is a dignified consciousness throughout the narrative that its subject is a person of quality, and not to be spoken of in the vul-

gar tongue; but the fact is very doubtful, and seems to have had no greater foundation than the existence of a translation of the ‘Enchiridion’ of Epictetus which Lady Mary had executed in the ambition of her youth, and which Bishop Burnet corrected for her. She describes herself in one of her youthful letters as living surrounded with dictionaries, and teaching herself the learned tongue which was so great a distinction to her in those days. “My own education was one of the worst in the world,” she says, when writing to her daughter nearly half a century after, “being exactly like *Clarissa Harlowe’s*; her pious Mrs. Norton so perfectly resembling my governess, who had been nurse to my mother, I could almost fancy the author was acquainted with her. She took so much pains from my infancy to fill my head with superstitious tales and false notions, it was none of her fault that I am not at this day afraid of witches and hobgoblins, or turned Methodist.” There were three girls brought up in this way in the family house at Thoresby, which, like all the country houses of the period, was a place of penance and suffering to the possessors. “Don’t you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby?” Lady Mary writes to her sister Lady Mar, when they were both in full possession of the freedom of maturer life, though life had not turned out so triumphant as the girls supposed. “We then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted,” she adds, no doubt with a sigh over the vain supposition. And yet the parlour at Thoresby cannot have been so very dull after all, and a pretty picture of girlish occupation might be made out of the few indications supplied by Lady Louisa Stuart in her introductory anecdotes to her grandmother’s letters. “She possessed and left after her the whole library of Mrs. Lennox’s ‘Female Quixote,’ ‘Cleopatra,’ ‘Cassandra,’ ‘Clelia,’ ‘Cyprus,’ ‘Pharamond,’ ‘Ibrahim,’ &c. &c., all, like the Lady Arabella’s collection, ‘Englished’ mostly by persons of honour.” In a blank page of one of these great folios “Lady Mary had written in her fairest youthful hand the names and characteristics of the chief personages, thus;—‘The beautiful Diana, the volatile Climene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise,’ and so on,”—a pretty piece of girlish enthusiasm which everybody who has had to do with such budding creatures will appreciate. She “got by heart all the poetry that came in her way, and indulged herself in the luxury of reading every romance as yet invented,” a custom which stood her



in great stead in after life, and at the same time did not prevent the translation of Epictetus, nor the perusal apparently of many grave authors. Besides all these labours and recreations, the girl, as she grew up, had the duties of the mistress of the house laid on her shoulders — no small matter in those days. No *diner Russe*, blessed modern invention, had then been thought of. Poor Lady Mary had to take lessons three times a-week from “a professed carving-master, who taught the art scientifically,” in order to be prepared for her father’s “public days;” and on these public days ate her own dinner alone before the laborious social meal came on, to be fortified for its duties.

“Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated upon by her, and by her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them — the curate, or subaltern, or squire’s younger brother — if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election.”

Hot from such tedious and trying labours, no wonder the girl was glad to take refuge in the Grand Cyrus, or bury her anatomical woes in Latin, whether that Latin was acquired legitimately under her brother’s tutor or by private efforts of her own.

When Lady Mary was twenty she sent her translation of Epictetus to Bishop Burnet, with a letter in which the charming unconscious pedantry of youth breaks out in curious contrast with the light and not particularly refined epistles which at the same period she was writing to her youthful friends. It was “the work of one week of my solitude,” she says; and with simple artfulness begs her correspondent to believe that her sole object in sending it to him was “to ask your Lordship whether I have understood Epictetus?” “My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature,” adds the girl, with the oft-repeated plaint of womankind. “We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted without reproach to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflection, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and industri-

ously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality.” The young lady goes on to give her reverend counsellor a curious sketch of the manner in which “any man of sense that finds it either his interest or his pleasure” can corrupt women of quality, in consequence of their careless education, — a matter which Lady Mary and everybody belonging to her evidently thinks a quite natural and edifying subject for discussion on the part of a young woman just out of her teens; and the letter is concluded by a long Latin quotation from Erasmus. But for that one wonderful touch about the man of sense and the woman of quality, the letter is amusingly natural in its artificialness and eager strain after the calm of learning. It is the only bit of pedantry in the collection. Lady Mary and her descendants to the fourth and fifth generation evidently bear a modest consciousness that this ‘Enchiridion’ is a feather in the family cap.

But she had other things on her hands than translations. Among her friends one of the best-beloved was a certain Mistress Anne Wortley, whose acquaintance was to determine Lady Mary’s life. Mrs. Anne had a brother, young, handsome, and promising — a young man of family and fashion. This hero of the tale was in general, we are told, superior to female society. His granddaughter is indignant at the idea that Mr. Edward Wortley was “a dull, phlegmatic country gentleman, of a tame genius and moderate capacity, of parts more solid than brilliant,” as has been unkindly said. But the fact is, that the impression to be derived of Lady Mary’s husband from the sole record in which he figures — that in which his wife stands out so clear and crisp and vivid — is of the vaguest and faintest character. He is as indistinct as the hero in a lady’s novel. Certain general ideas of truth, straightforwardness, sternness, &c., are shadowed forth in him; but as to individuality, the man does not possess such a thing, either from the fault of the writer — which is scarcely to be supposed — or from his own. This dim being was, however, young when the two met. He was, we are told, “a first-rate scholar.” “Polite literature was his passion.” He was the friend of Addison, and formed part of the brilliant society which encircled that delicate wit. With all this prestige surrounding him, and clothed with that indefiniteness of youth which it is so easy to suppose full of hope and promise, no doubt he was a striking ap-

partition in the eyes of the girl who chafed at her own ignorance, and courted the approach of genius. Few things have ever proved more charming to the feminine imagination in youth, than that lordly superiority which, alas ! so seldom stands a closer examination. Female education, Lady Louisa Stuart informs us, was at so low an ebb, "that Mr. Wortley, however fond of his sister, could have no particular motive to seek the acquaintance of her companions." But yet Fate beguiled the young hero, notwithstanding the debasement of womankind, and his own lofty sense of a higher being. This was how his downfall befell :—

"His surprise and delight were all the greater when, one afternoon, having by chance loitered in her apartment till visitors arrived, he saw Lady Mary Pierrepont for the first time; and on entering into conversation with her, found, in addition to beauty that charmed him, not only brilliant wit, but a thinking and cultivated mind. He was especially struck with the discovery that she understood Latin, and could relish his beloved classics. Something that passed led to the mention of Quintus Curtius, which she said she had never read. This was a fair handle for a piece of gallantry. In a few days she received a superb edition of the author, with these lines facing the titlepage :—

"Beauty like this had vanquished Persia shown,  
The Macedon had laid his empire down,  
And polished Greece obeyed a barbarous throne.  
Had wit so bright adorned a Grecian dame,  
The amorous youth had lost his thirst for fame,  
Nor distant India sought through Syria's plain;  
But to the Muses' stream with her had run,  
And thought her lover more than Ammon's son."

So changed have manners become since those days, that the nearest analogy to this curious beginning of courtship must be looked for among our housemaids and the faithful youths who "keep company" with them. But we suppose it was all right in 1710, or anyhow Lady Mary had no mamma to do what was proper, and send back the premature offering. Perhaps it was the first time that Quintus Curtius had served such a purpose. The correspondence was carried on for some time by means of Mistress Anne, who is suspected of having sent her brother's fervid communications under her own name to her dear Lady Mary. Very soon, however, poor Mistress Anne died in the bloom of her beauty and youth; and the two, who were by this time, in their way, lovers, had to carry on their traffic directly, without any intermediacy. Then the character of the correspondence changed. We cannot but suspect that the lover must have been something of a prig. He who

began his wooing by means of Quintus Curtius soon found out that though he was in love he did not approve of himself for it; nor did he at all approve of her, the cause of his unsuitable passion. He loved her because he could not help it; against his will. His taste and his heart might be satisfied, but the same could not be said for his judgment. His letters are (again) like those of the superior hero of a novel, bound to the frivolous, flighty, beautiful creature whom he doubts and disapproves of, but cannot tear himself away from. Nor was this all. When he had at last screwed his courage to the point of a proposal, other obstacles came in the way. Mr. Wortley was a theorist, a *doctrinaire*, a man of opinions. He was opposed, like the 'Spectator' and 'Tatler,' to the laws of entail. Indeed, his historian insinuates that on this point it must have been he who inspired Steele and Addison, neither of these worthies having anything to entail—a true piece of characteristic contempt for the mere professional writer, worthy of a person of quality. But Lord Dorchester did not appreciate Mr. Wortley's fine sentiments. When every argument had failed to convince the philosophical lover, the treaty came to an end, and poor Lady Mary, the only one of the parties concerned in whom the reader feels any interest, was peremptorily condemned, after all the pretty preliminaries of her quaint courtship, to forget her *doctrinaire* and accept another suitor. The girl resisted, but in vain. She begged to be but left alone—to be allowed to give up both wooers, and remain in her father's house—but without success. The few letters to her friends which are preserved belonging to this period of her life are not more refined than the age; but her conduct at this crisis is decidedly more refined and delicate than was to be expected in the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is true she kept up a private correspondence with the philosophical Wortley, and finally ran away with him; but her letters are free from every taint of coarseness, and full of modest and womanly sentiment, scarcely to be looked for in the circumstances. A more curious correspondence between lovers was never given to the world. On his side there is no doubt a certain glow of restrained passion kept in curb by an almost dislike, a sense of superiority and unsuitability, which becomes comical in its seriousness. On hers there is no passion. She is grateful for the love by which she has been distinguished by a man whom, in her girlish humility, she is ready to take at his own estimate, and consider as superior as he believes

himself to be. No doubt Quintus Curtius and the classics, and the flattering sense that it was her own superiority to most women which had determined his choice of her, had dazzled the young creature. She is affectionate, and humble in her affection; puzzled, but anxious to do what will please him, if only he will be candid, and let her know what he is aiming at. It is a virgin soul which speaks, unmoved by any fiery inspiration of love, tenderly unimpassioned, willing to be his wife, most unwilling to be the wife of another man. Perhaps this calm but anxious condition of mind might be disappointing to a fervent lover, but it is a pretty attitude for the young soul, and one which charms the spectator. Mary Pierrepont looks a very different creature from Mary Wortley Montagu. She is standing on the brink of the transition when the following letters pass between her and her lover. The first which we shall quote refers apparently to his first proposal:—

"Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain)," writes the spirited and sensible girl, with a mingling of indignation in her candour, "I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear that you were unhappy, but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so; which, in the humour you are, is hardly to be avoided, if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy nor loved when I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it—at least I am sure, were I in love, I could not talk as you do. Few women would have wrote so plain as I have done, but to dissemble is among the things I never do. I take more pains to approve my conduct to myself than to the world, and would not have to accuse myself of a minute's deceit. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be for ever miserable for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not at all. I don't enjoin you to burn this letter—I know you will. 'Tis the first I ever wrote to one of your sex, and shall be the last. You may never expect another. I resolve against all correspondence of the kind—my resolutions are seldom made, and never broken—"

Notwithstanding this very determined conclusion, the same day, or perhaps the next morning, throws new lights on the lover's letter which had drawn from her this spirited reply; and, forgetting her resolve, Lady Mary puts pen to paper once more, to repeat and strengthen and enforce in a womanish way which has not yet gone out of fashion, the answer which she had already given, and which was decisive enough.

"Reading over your letter as fast as ever I could," she recommences abruptly, "and answering it with the same ridiculous precipitation, I find one part escaped my sight and the other I mistook in several places. . . Your letter is to tell me you should think yourself undone if you married me; but if I could be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you would consider whether you would or no; but yet you hoped you should not. I take this to be the right interpretation of—'even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden. I hope I am not in your power. I would give a good deal to be satisfied, &c.'"

"You would have me say that I am violently in love; that is, finding you, think better of me than you desire, you would have me give you a just cause to condemn you. I doubt much whether there is a creature in the world humble enough to do that. I should not think you more unreasonable if you were in love with my face, and asked me to disfigure it to make you easy. I have heard of some nuns who made use of this expedient to secure their own happiness; but amongst all the Popish saints and martyrs I never read of one whose charity was sublime enough to make themselves deformed or ridiculous to restore their lovers to peace and quietness."

Perhaps the young man who received these letters was wise enough to see that the smart of wounded pride in them was too sharp to be compatible with absolute indifference; at least, he seems to have taken them as no decisive answer, and to have pursued his suit in a way which clearly points him out as the original type of many gentlemen who have since enlightened and entertained the world, from Mr. Rochester and Felix Holt down to the detestable prigs of American fiction—gentlemen who carry on their wooing by a series of insults and lectures. Mary Pierrepont was not a meek heroine, but still she seems to have yielded in some degree to the tantalising power of this strange kind of wooing. She struggles, she resists, she breaks out into little appeals; she restates her case, sometimes indignantly, sometimes half tenderly, and bids him farewell over and over again. But perhaps the lady doth protest too much. It is evident that she had no desire to terminate the correspondence, which must have been an exciting break to the dulness of the Thoresby parlour. "While I foolishly fancied you loved me," she cries—brought up to this pitch, it is apparent, by much aggravation—"there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you—I might say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a

new proof of generosity—I'll never see you more. I shall avoid *all* public places, and this is the last letter I shall send. If you write, be not displeased that I send it back unopened. I shall force my inclinations to oblige yours; and remember that you have told me I could not oblige you more than by refusing you." The next page, however, shows a change of sentiment. There is no longer question of a last letter, an eternal separation; on the contrary, she discusses calmly her own character and his mistaken estimate of it, and even goes into such a matter of detail as the comparative excellences of life in the country and life in town. "You think if you married me I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next," she says; "but neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond in me."

"When people are tied for life," the young philosopher goes on discussing the disadvantages of retirement, which her lover seems to have proposed, "'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would soon be tired of seeing every day the same thing. When you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects, which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm."

This composed state of mind, however, does not last long. Next time she writes it is again with the determination of saying farewell for ever.

"I begin to be tired of my humility," she exclaims. "I have carried my complaisances to you farther than I ought. You make new scruples, you have a great deal of fancy, and your distrusts, being all of your own making, are more immovable than if there were some real ground for them. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us that men are a sort of animals that, if ever they are constant, 'tis only when they are ill-used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I never could believe. Experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it for all my life. . . I have not the spirits to dispute any longer with you. You say you are not determined; let me determine for you, and save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever! Make no answer. I wish, among the variety of your acquaintance, you may find some one to please you, and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in

their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier."

Then it is the lover who comes in, tantalising and tantalised:—

"Every time I see you," writes Mr. Wortley, on his side, "gives me a fresh proof of your not caring for me; yet I beg you will meet me once more. How could you pay me that great compliment of loving the country for life, when you would not stay with me a few minutes longer? Who is the happy man you went to? I agree with you, I am often so dull I cannot explain my meaning, but will not own the expression was so very obscure when I said if I had you I should act against my opinion. Why need I add, I see what is best for me? I condemn what I do, and yet I fear I must do it. If you can't find it out that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister, who agrees with you in everything else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you don't care for me, and that you will like me less and less every year, perhaps every day of your life. You may with a little care please another as well, and make him less timorous. It is possible I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance; and if I should be preferred by a woman for being the first among her companion would give me as much pleasure as if I were the first man in the world. Think again, and prevent a misfortune from falling upon both of us."

This letter concludes with instructions how they are to meet in the house of Steele by aid of his wife. And so the duel goes on. It is like the scene in Molière, which he repeats in several of his comedies, between offended lovers. No doubt the great dramatist repeated it because the quarrel of the two, their fury, their eternal farewell, their stolen looks, their relenting, and the sudden leap into each other's grasp of their eager reluctant hands, was such a piece of pretty fooling as no audience could resist. And here, in real English flesh and blood, in laced coat and quilted petticoat, in peruke and powder, stand Doris and Dorimene, performing their charming interlude. By-and-by matters become more serious. The formal negotiations are broken off, and there is the other lover, who offers £500 a-year of pin-money and a house in town, and on whose behalf Lord Dorchester lays out £400 in wedding-clothes. Things come to such a pitch at last that there is nothing for it but "a coach to be at the door early Monday morning," and an entire surrender into the hands of the honourable if aggravating bridegroom. "I tremble for what we are doing," the girl writes, in a fright, on the evening of the Friday before this momentous day. "Are you sure you shall love



me for ever? Shall we never separate? I fear and I hope—I foresee all that will happen. I shall incense my family in the highest degree. The generality of the world will blame my conduct, and the relations and friends of — will invent a thousand stories of me; yet 'tis possible you may recompense everything to me. In this letter, which I am fond of, you promise me all I wish. Since I writ so far I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do what you please."

And accordingly "early Monday morning" they ran away.

It is the pleasant privilege of fiction to end here. In such a case where could there be found a more charming, graceful story? People who had spoken their minds so freely to each other before their marriage, whose love had been tried by so many frets, and one of whom at last concluded the matter in such beautiful dispositions, what could they do but live happy ever after? "I will be only yours, and I will do what you please." What prettier ending could close the youthful tender tale? Alas! the story of this Lady Mary did not end with these words, but only began.

There is something humbling and disappointing in dropping down to the calm level of ordinary life, after that moment of exalted sentiment and idealism. The happiest and the least pretentious marriage shares this revulsion with the most showy and the most unfortunate. After that strain of passionate feeling, that sense of new life beginning, those noble resolutions and beautiful dreams, to wake and find after all that the obstinate earth is still the same, that the still more obstinate self is unchanged, and that life falls back into its accustomed channel, taking incredibly little heed of that one alteration of circumstances which, before it was made, seemed so radical and overwhelming, is hard upon any susceptible imagination. Neither bride nor bridegroom in the case before us seem to have entertained any high-flown expectations; but yet it is not very long before Lady Mary begins to feel that a careless husband is a much less piquant and amusing interlocutor than a disapproving lover. It is evident that she spent a great part of the first few years of her married life alone. She writes to the errant husband, at first with pleasant expressions of her happiness in being his, but afterwards with alternations of petulance and melancholy and repentance for both. "I assist every day at public prayers in this family," she says in what it is evident is her first letter, a month or two after the marriage, when her heart is soft with unaccus-

tomed happiness, and moved, in consequence, to a superficial religiousness, "and never forget in my private ejaculations how much I owe to heaven for making me yours." This blessed state of affairs, however, does not last very long. Within the first year a pensive sense of loneliness comes over the young wife; she does not complain, but she wonders at his absence and his silence; now and then she is sick and sad, and moralises: "Life itself, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly," she says. "It is a maxim with me to be young (the poor soul was three-and-twenty!) as long as one can; there is nothing that can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth; those sanguine groundless hopes, and that lively vanity which makes all the happiness of life. To my extreme mortification, I grow wiser every day." A little later she calls her fortitude to her, and is obstinately contented. "I discovered an old trunk of papers," she writes from the solitude of Hinchinbroke, "which to my great diversion I found to be the letters of the first Earl of Sandwich. . . . I walked yesterday two hours on the terrace—these are the most considerable events that have happened in your absence, excepting that a good-natured robin-red-breast kept me company almost the whole afternoon with so much good-humour and humanity as gives me faith for the piece of charity ascribed to these little creatures in the 'Children in the Wood.'" Some time after this she becomes indignant: "I am alone, without any amusement to take up my thoughts; I am in circumstances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all amusements, dispirited and alone, and you write me quarrelling letters. . . . Should I tell you that I am uneasy, that I am out of humour and out of patience, should I see you half an hour the sooner? —" . . . and then the poor young creature is penitent, and excuses herself for complaining. The bright, beautiful, high-spirited young woman, removing from one doleful country house to another, estranged from all her natural friends, bearing all the physical ills natural in the circumstances, consuming her heart in enforced solitude, while the curmudgeon of a husband, the cause of all her troubles, amuses himself in the great world, and writes her, when he writes at all, "quarrelling letters," are set forth before us with the greatest distinctness. Poor Lady Mary had, apparently, no high religious or any other kind of principle to support her. She was not a woman of the noblest kind, nor is her character a model one in any way: yet her cour-



age, and spirit, and patience; her eagerness to make the best of everything; the comfort she takes in the kind robin and the old letters; her endurance; her fancies; her occasional little outbursts, make up a picture at once pretty and affecting. Had she been less reasonable and more passionate, the story of what was evidently an unsuitable and uncomfortable marriage would no doubt have been more dramatic. But the age was one in which people were very composed in their affections; and she, it is apparent from first to last, was an eminently unpassioned woman. But that she was chilled, wounded, mortified, lowered in her own estimation, and cut short in all possible blossoming of her affections, is clear enough. We wonder, if the story had been traced after marriage of all our modern heroes whose rôle it is to scold and find fault, like Mr. Wortley, whether a similar result might not be perceptible? The consequence in this case to all readers will be a hearty pity and liking for Lady Mary, and a wholesome contempt for the narrow pedant whom, by bad luck, she had made the controller of her heart and fate.

Matters had come to such a pass between the two who, by a runaway marriage, had given what is generally supposed the strongest evidence of love, within two years after, that the young wife was moved to formal remonstrance.

"I cannot forbear any longer telling you," she writes, "I think you use me very unkindly. I don't say so much of your absence as I should do if you was in the country and I in London, because I would not have you believe that I am impatient to be in town when I say I am impatient to be with you; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July, and 'tis now the middle of November. As if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so much indifference as shows you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill-health, and you only say you hope it is not so bad as I make it. You never inquire after your child. . . . You should consider solitude, and spleen the consequence of solitude, is apt to give the most melancholy ideas, and thus needs at least tender letters and kind expressions to hinder uneasiness almost inseparable from absence. I am very sensible how far I ought to be contented when your affairs oblige you to be without me. I would not have you do yourself any prejudice, but a little kindness will cost you nothing. . . . I have concealed as long as I can the uneasiness the nothingness of your letters have given me under an affected indifference; but dissimulation always sits awkwardly upon me. I am weary of it, and must beg of you to write me no more if you cannot bring yourself to write otherwise. Multiplicity of business or

diversions may have engaged you, but all people find time to do what they have a mind to. If your inclination is gone, I had rather never receive a letter from you than one which in lieu of comfort for your absence gives me a pain even beyond it."

Notwithstanding all this, no sooner does the political horizon change, and an opening become visible for Wortley, if he can avail himself of it, in public life, than his wife springs eager to his side to encourage and stimulate him. And very strange to be uttered by a young woman of four-and-twenty, from the depths of rustic quiet, do these exhortations sound. The period is just after the accession of George I. — a new reign, a new era — when all the possibilities of power and influence lay before any new man who had force enough to seize them. Probably Lady Mary's faith in her husband's superiority had begun to fail, and, in consequence, she is great on the merits of boldness in opposition to modesty, which she evidently tries to persuade herself is all he wants to insure success. Here is the opening note of the trumpet with which, in mingled flattery and menace, she attempts to stir him up: —

"Though I am very impatient to see you, I would not have you, by hastening to come down, lose any part of your interest. . . . I am glad you think of serving your friends. I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money — everything we see and everything we hear puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but as the world is and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich that it may be in one's power to do good — riches being another word for power, towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third still impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The Ministry is like a play at Court: there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forward, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him that don't make so good a figure as himself. I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a

modest merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced, than the greatest qualifications without it. If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived. It is my interest to believe, as I do, that you deserve everything, and are capable of everything; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing."

Whether by means of the noble quality of impudence thus strenuously recommended to him, or by his relationship to Montagu Earl of Halifax, Mr. Wortley got into office, and was for some time a Lord of the Treasury; the principal use of his advancement, so far as the public was concerned, being, that his sprightly and beautiful wife could no longer be kept in banishment. Lady Louisa Stuart informs us that Lady Mary became a favourite in both of the royal households. The Prince of Wales is said to have "admired her rather more than the Princess, though not usually jealous, could approve. Once in a rapture he called her Royal Highness from the card-table to look how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed. 'Lady Mary always dresses well,' said the Princess dryly, and returned to her cards." This anecdote, which is taken from the diary destroyed by Lady Bute, Lady Mary's only daughter, does not look particularly true; for, if we may credit other descriptions of her, and her own expression of her tastes not many years before, dress was never her *forte*, nor is she mentioned in any other description of the Princess's court. The other old court at St. James's, where King George the First with dulness and the Duchess of Kendal presided over the tedious circle, was enlivened by the triumphant young beauty. She was so popular there, that Secretary Craggs, meeting her on her way out, and hearing that her early departure was much regretted by his Majesty, loyally snatched her up in his arms and carried her back again to the royal presence, that his master might have his will.

After two years of this gay life, Mr. Wortley was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, a mission upon which his wife with her baby — the precious only son of whom in his infancy she writes with so much tenderness, and who in his manhood brought her both shame and grief — accompanied him. She seems to have accepted this splendid banishment with the liveliest satisfaction and excitement. Change, adventure, movement, new things to see and hear and find out — everything her brilliant and curious intelligence required — were thus supplied to her; and there never had been so clear a picture of the mysterious East as

that which the gay young English ambassador sent thereafter in long letters sparkling with wit and observation and real insight to all her English friends. She found, as other travellers have found since, that no previous authority was in the least reliable, and that all the ordinary commonplaces of Western belief about the Orientals were at once false and foolish. In the warmth of her enthusiasm for the new world which she must have felt she had discovered, she set forth the favourable side of all its institutions — found its women the freest of the free, notwithstanding their supposed slavery; its men the most faithful, its religion the most pure, and its scenery the most lovely. Perhaps her own freedom in the intoxicating novelty of the new position had something to do with it. Her child throve notwithstanding the terrible journey across the Hungarian wilds — her husband probably was occupied, and did not oppress her with his company. She adopted the dress of the country, and, light-hearted as a child in "*my ferigete and asmask*," she says, "I ramble every day about Constantinople and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it." To the bazaars, the baths, the mosques, everywhere where a veiled woman could penetrate, or an ambassador's command entrance, the sprightly observer roves. And she sees everything through rose-coloured spectacles. Her letters glow with descriptions of the beauty of the women, given with a freedom which only a woman could use (and be it said by the way, there are no such admirers as women of beauty in the abstract, whether the current sneer about their jealousy of individual instances be worth more than other popular fictions or no), their polished skins, their dazzling jewels, their glorious hair, their tissues of gold and silver. Nothing escapes those bright eyes which already more than one poet had sung. One moment it is an embroidered napkin, at another a long Latin inscription, which attracts her notice and fills her letter. From the presence-chamber of the lovely Sultana Fatima, she flies by a natural transition to Turkish poetry and the romance of the Rose and Nightingale, and from thence to St. Sophia and to the monastery of the dervishes with its weird worship. She makes merry over the extraordinary commissions sent to her — as, for instance, that of purchasing a Greek slave, which Pope playfully, and by way of flattery, but one good woman among her correspondents gravely and in good faith, requests her to do — and laughingly describes the terrible consequences to her own beautiful face of a certain balm, of which the English ladies

had heard as an unfailing cosmetic. She tells how, at the bath, being requested to undress like the others, she silenced all cavillers by showing her stays, which they immediately concluded to be a machine holding her fast, of which her husband kept the key, and considered a very natural and reasonable arrangement. She describes her long theological conversations with a certain Effendi, in whose house she and her husband were lodged, and his amiable intellectual scepticism. She has information for each of her correspondents — the poem for Pope, the Sultan for her sister, the religious discussions for her abbé — who must have been a most tolerant Catholic. She is even so good-natured as to describe a camel to some good rural gentlewoman. Altogether, there never was a more spontaneous, sprightly, and picturesque narrative of travel than this, which the light-hearted young woman with bright English eyes, which noted everything under her flowing Eastern veil, despatched to the little knot of men and women who followed her wanderings with the interest of friends. The country was all new and strange, the observer all life, vivacity, and intelligence. Under such conditions, the most uninteresting land grows curious and full of wealth.

Among the letters which contain these sparkling sketches appear certain epistles from Pope — strange preliminaries to the deadly war of words which afterwards raged between the two. They must have made acquaintance in the short interval of town life which Lady Mary passed in London before her husband became ambassador. We will not here discuss the poet's style in letter-writing; but it is curious to contrast these elaborate compositions with the pleasant freedom of the answers to them, and of the general correspondence in which they are enclosed. There is an artificial solemnity in the adoration with which Pope approaches the lady of his dreams, which already shadows forth the half-authenticated scene in the Twickenham garden, where the unhappy little man spoke out his passion, and the brilliant beauty was surprised into a peal of laughter — laughter never to be forgiven. But the comparison is not in favour of the man of genius — the woman's letters are incomparably fresher, brighter, more natural and easy than his. She puts his stilted rhapsodies aside with an unconsciousness which doubtless was in some degree assumed, and does her best to tone down his extravagance with a serene friendliness which is full of charm. There is all the difference between them that there is between a manufactured article and a spon-

taneous natural production. Lady Mary, no doubt, like all the letter-writers of her period, preserved and cherished her letters as things interesting to the world in general; but there is no sense of this fact underlying their graceful strain. The first and immediate purpose of telling her story happily shuts out from her eyes the cold shade of posterity listening in the background. They are not the effusions of an author to the world, but the spontaneous communications — whatever may happen to them afterwards — of a woman to her friends.

Let us quote, in passing, her description of the French ladies whom, fresh from the polished limbs and majestic bearing of her Turkish friends, she sees in Paris on her way home. It is an amusing contribution to the history of Fashion, and shows against what perpetual ingratitude from a disdainful world the disciples of that goddess, especially in Paris, her metropolis, have long and bravely struggled.

"I must tell you something of the French ladies," she writes. "I have seen all the beauties, . . . such nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on, a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. . . . 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen; if I was writing to anybody else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion."

Mr. Wortley's embassy lasted not much more than a year; and within two years his family, increased by a daughter, afterwards Lady Bute, who had been born in Constantinople, was again in England. But during that short time Lady Mary had managed not only to collect all the curious information embodied in her letters, and to learn — enough, at least, to enable her to translate — the Turkish language, but had acquired knowledge of a more serious kind, which only a woman of high courage and spirit, rising almost to the height of heroism, would have had the boldness to act upon. She found the system of inoculation for smallpox to be in universal practice around her, and emboldened by the fact that she had already passed through that dreadful disease (with the loss of her eyelashes, which, it is said, made her brilliant eyes look fierce), Lady Mary, with enlightened curiosity, examined

into it. She describes it thus to one of her correspondents:—

"Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The smallpox, so fatal and so general among us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the smallpox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met, commonly fifteen or sixteen together, the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpoxes, and asks what vein you please to have opened. . . . The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days they are as well as before their illness. . . . Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment since I intend to try it on my dear little son. I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England."

This information was acquired, and the resolution formed, very shortly after Lady Mary's arrival in Turkey. With heroic courage she tested it upon her boy, who came through the trial successfully; and when the Turkish ambassador's pretty wife came back to England, it was not as a mere wit and beauty, strong as were her claims to both distinctions, but with a "mission" such as few young women of fashion would have had the courage to take up. She had already declared her total want of confidence in doctors, and certainty that "that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should attempt to put an end to it." Inoculation has been so entirely superseded that a critic of the present day, unless possessed of special medical knowledge, does not even know the extent of its use, or what amount of good it did. But there can be no doubt about the disinterested regard for her fellow-creatures, and dauntless spirit, which inspired this young mother, and kept her up in the struggle which her granddaughter describes as follows:—

"What an arduous, what a fearful, and, we may add, what a thankless enterprise it was, nobody is now in the least aware. Those who have heard her applauded for it ever since they were born, and have also seen how joyfully vaccination was welcomed in their own days, may naturally conclude that when once the experiment had been made and proved successful, she would have nothing to do but to sit down triumphant, and receive the thanks and blessings of her countrymen. . . . Lady Mary protested that in the four or five years immediately succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without repenting of her patriotic undertaking; and she vowed that she would never have attempted it if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy, it brought upon her. The clamours raised against the practice, and of course against her, were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and the most disastrous consequences; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand of Providence; the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother who had risked the lives of her own children. And notwithstanding that she soon gained many supporters amongst the higher and more enlightened classes, headed by the Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline), who stood by her firmly, some even of her acquaintance were weak enough to join in the outcry. We now read in grave medical biography that the discovery was instantly hailed, and the method adopted by the principal members of that profession. . . . But what said Lady Mary of the actual fact and time? Why, that the four great physicians deputed by Government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed, such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity, that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference. Lady Bute herself could partly confirm her mother's account by her own testimony, for afterwards the battle was often fought in her presence. As inoculation gained ground, all who could make or claim the slightest acquaintance with Lady Mary Wortley used to beg for her advice and superintendence while it was going on in their families; and she constantly carried her little daughter along with her to the house, and into the sick-room, to prove her security from infection."

Women are getting such very hard measure in these days, that a little incident like this is worth recording in favour of the maligned section of humanity. Bad as they may be to-day, they are not so bad as they were in that unclean age. Yet this very striking instance of enlightened observation and the highest public spirit is entirely to be attributed to those mothers whose education,



according to the common theory, made them unfit to be their husbands' companions or the instructors of their children. Fancy Mr. Wortley taking any trouble to introduce a custom which only saved other people's lives and did himself no immediate advantage! or little George, the second of that blessed name, standing by him in his undertaking! Lady Mary did it, having at once the eye to see, and the heart to dare; and princely Caroline stood by her, with the same breadth of perception and steady valour of soul. It is not to be expected that any such fact, however picturesque, should for a moment stand before the force of theory, but still the story is remarkable in its way.

Lady Mary remained in England after her return from Constantinople for twenty-one years, during which, no doubt, the most important events of her life took place, though they are not those in which we know her best. She was at home, and consequently, except to her sister, the wife of the banished Earl of Mar, she wrote but few letters. Whatever cause there might be for the clouds that have rested on her good name arose during this period. She quarrelled with Pope, and was assailed by him with a pitiless spite and venom which goes far to defeat itself; she lived and shone in London, and enjoyed the social life and triumphs for which her wit and talents so well qualified her, and doubtless did some equivocal things which her biographer is not sorry to have no very distinct particulars of. The quarrel with Pope is, like other incidents of this part of her life, left in much uncertainty. What is quite clear is, that he wrote to her while she was in Turkey frequent letters full of fantastical and elaborate adulation, just warmed with a flicker of real feeling—that he entreated her, on his knees, metaphorically speaking, to go to Twickenham, where, apparently in consequence of his arguments, and to recruit the travellers after their journey, Mr. Wortley took a house. Some time after, the poet, without a word of explanation given, turns from his worship to downright blasphemy, and assaults with every expression of rage and contempt the "Sappho" whom he had heretofore adored. It is true that it was on no meek and silent sufferer that his insults were poured. Lady Mary was quite able to defend herself, and meets him at his own weapons with scorn that equals his, if not with equal powers. But the description she gives of the quarrel is the only one in which there is any *vraisemblance*. At an unlucky moment, her granddaughter tells us, "when she least

expected what romancers call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter." It is easy to realize that the ridicule of the fair creature by his side was more bitter to the unhappy little poet than any other punishment could have been. If his heart was really interested, as might very well be from the tone of his letters, what a frightful mortification must have fallen upon him in that burst of laughter! It was enough to turn the milk into gall, the love into hatred. "From that moment he became her implacable enemy," adds the story; but that Pope has fallen a little out of the knowledge of this generation, it would be unnecessary to recall the remorseless lines in which the enchantress is handed down to the justice of posterity. Our space forbids us to enter here into one of the bitterest of literary feuds. Lady Mary, as we have said, was no harmless sufferer; she turned upon her assailant, if it is true that she had a hand in the verses to the Imitator of Horace, with virulence at least equal to his own; and even if guiltless in this respect, spoke of him with a contempt which, like his bitterness, overshot its mark. If Lady Mary ever were vulgar, it would be in the passage in a letter to Arbuthnot, where she suggests that if Pope is "skilled in counterfeiting hands," he will not only gratify his malice but increase his fortune by these means, and so she hopes she will see him exalted according to his merits. But it is hard to be just, or even generous, in a quarrel of this description, and there is nothing to prove that at the beginning of it Lady Mary was to blame.

Her entire life worked itself out in these twenty years—the time of her maturity, her highest bloom of beauty, and full force of intellect. Her children, whom she brought back to England infants, grew up, the one to a disreputable and wretched manhood, the other to the life of a fortunate matron and good mother. She had all she had hoped for in the dreary moments of her seclusion, or so at least it would appear. Her letters to her sister afford us, for some time, various glimpses of her satisfaction with her actual circumstances. "I see everybody, but converse with nobody but *des amies choisies*," she says when she had been for six or seven years established in England, and had arrived *al mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*. "I see the whole town every Sunday, and select a few that I retain to supper; in short, if life could be always what it is, I believe I have so much humility in my temper that I could be contented



without anything better this two or three hundred years." . . . "I write to you at this time piping hot from the birth-night," she says a short time previously; "my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances can raise there. . . First you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but, what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days to keep the court in countenance." It was the kind of life she had longed for, when it had seemed unattainable; and so long as her children were babies, it was a pleasant life: a fact which she acknowledges with characteristic frankness, though the acknowledgment is one which, even in the most favourable circumstances, few people care to make. But Lady Mary's satisfaction with her existence does not seem to have lasted longer than that brief lull from anxiety, the moment when her children were young. Probably she had adopted the fashionable mode of dealing with her husband—had given up any expectation of support or tenderness from him, and transferred her hopes, as so many women do, almost without knowing it, to the children, in whom her existence had begun afresh. To Lady Mary, as to so many another mother, this expectation too, the last and most precious, failed like the others. As the years go on, it is in this changed cadence that her thoughts find utterance—a strain still full of courage and unconquerable spirit, but to which their very tone of determined optimism gives an expression more sad than absolute complaint:—

"All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of Nature) that we are here in an actual state of punishment: I am satisfied I have been one of the *condemned* ever since I was born; and, in submission to the divine justice, I don't at all doubt that I deserved it in some former state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory; and that after whining and grunting a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural and custom reasonable. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothing of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby? We then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. . . . Though, after all, I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill fortune. One should pluck up a spirit and live upon cordials,

when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavours; and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel who is at present everything I like; but, alas! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen she may run away with the butler:—there's one of the blessed consequences of great disappointments: you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie!*" "My girl gives me great prospect of satisfaction," she writes a little later; "but my young rogue of a son is the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant." And again, "I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son, who has contrived, at his age, to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting, God knows where; and hitherto it is impossible to find him. Nothing that ever happened to me has troubled me so much——"

Thus after her moment of repose, after the disappointments of youth had come to be buried out of sight, and life, no longer craving for actual happiness, had grown contented with the reflection of it—the round of occupation, the chosen friends, the little damsel in her white frock—fate awakes, and the grand tumult recommences. Joy not being possible, the woman had contented herself with peace; but such an escape was not to be. The course of pain begins over again, the lull is over, the storms rise; the "young rogue," by steps that no doubt rang heavier, and ever heavier, upon his mother's heart, sank into a ruined and despicable man, about whose unworthiness even love could not deceive itself; the little maiden grew up and married, and went away. The loneliness which had been too much for her in early days, when it was her husband who forsook her, fell back in full force upon the woman who had now no new life to hope for. She did what it was like her high spirit to do. She fled from it all, with or without the hope that her husband would join her. Like enough, the houses in which abode the ghosts of that child in white, and of that ruined boy, were intolerable to a mind which never could sink into the pathos of desertion. It was her nature to throw off the burden, so far as mortal powers could shake it off. The impatience of a temperament to which monotony was insupportable, drove her to seek remedies, if not of one kind, then of another. She could not have her children back, nor remodel her life. But she could rush away to the ends of the earth, with a desperate tranquillity, which nobody guessed at, and with a faith in her own power of being amused and interested, her own un-

quenchable vitality, which is pathetic in its utter abstinence from all appeals to our sympathy; not she only, but many a dauntless self-sustaining spirit has made use of the same remedy. She knew that her eyes could not refuse to see, nor her faculties to note, nor her thoughts, which were ever young, to rush into new channels, however heavy the heart might be. And thus at an age when tame natures think themselves beyond all novelties of movement, and take refuge in chimney corners, Lady Mary, incapable of such consolation, arose and fled into new scenes, as many an imprisoned soul at this very day—unable to die, incapable of vegetation, compelled by God's will, and a vitality stronger than all griefs and troubles, to live in the fullest sense of the word—would be but too glad to do. A woman more bound by the real or imaginary bond of duty, more limited by conventional claims and regard for the world's opinion, would no doubt have stayed at home and devoured her heart in silence; but Lady Mary did not care for the world's opinion. Her character for eccentricity, her self-will and independent habits, must all have helped in her decision. When her daughter was married, and her son hopeless, and her life unsupportable, the daring woman at fifty went off alone into new scenes. To such a mind and temperament as hers, it was the natural thing to do.

And no doubt the unsympathetic, respectable critic wonders much how she could have left the everyday life, which was so tempting, and Mr. Wortley's sweet society—why she could not have taken to knotting, and to gossip, and lived as other people did—for what reason she could not bear the son's shame and the daughter's absence as other people have to do? And the painstaking literary observer, with this problem before him, roots out gravely from the ashes of the past a M. Ruremonde, a rash French speculator, and disappointed lover, who gave her his money to invest in South Sea stock, and raved at her when it was lost. Perhaps this was the reason why she left England for two-and-twenty years; perhaps the high-minded Wortley sent his wife away. "Causes for this separation have been rumoured, of a nature which, of course, never could have reached her granddaughter, which make it wonderful only that Mr. Wortley should have so long borne with such eccentricities of conduct and temper, and should have arranged the separation with so much feeling and good sense," says one of these sages. But rumours are poor things to hold up before us at a distance of a hundred and thirty years

—and even Horace Walpole, even Pope, has nothing but vague irritation to vent against Lady Mary. And Mr. Wortley's letters after his wife's departure give us for the first time a certain friendliness for the heavy man, who is glad of her comfort in his composed way, and trusts her in their common concerns, and cares for her health and wellbeing. The two would seem after their stormy beginning to have grown into a certain friendship with the years. Perhaps he meant to join her, as several of his letters imply; or perhaps he permitted her to believe that he meant to join her; or perhaps it was held vaguely possible, as a thing that might or might not be, indifferent to the world, not over-interesting even to themselves. They had never been a fond pair—but they never seem to have been more thoroughly friendly, more at their ease with one another, than at the moment when, according to charitable critics, Mr. Wortley, unable to bear it any longer, sent his brilliant wife away. Their correspondence clearly contradicts such a hypothesis, whatever Lady Mary's faults either of temper or conduct might have been. But the fact remains, that at an age when most people begin to feel doubly the want of friends and comforters around them, this woman tore herself up by the roots from the place where she had lived so long, and went forth alone into new scenes and among new faces. She fled into the wilderness like the typical woman of Scripture—where her past happiness could not stare her too closely in the face, nor the present blank of existence crush her quite; where her feuds and controversies and enmities could not affect the new, white, gentle life of her good child, nor the miserable story of her evil one surround her with malicious whispers and the pity of the crowd. It was a strange, unprecedented sort of self-banishment; and yet for such a woman it was a natural thing to do.

Thus we arrive at the last period of Lady Mary's life. We have said that she never was an impassioned woman. No more futile parallel was ever made than that which calls her the English *Seigné*. The two natures are as distinct as ever two natures were. It is possible that the character of Madame de *Seigné* may have affected and moulded the ideal of her nation, as it certainly reaches in her its fullest impersonation. The highest type of excellence to the French mind is the woman who has no passion in her life but that of motherhood, who lives but for her children, and who is made by them, and by the race in general, into a tender idol, worried, no doubt, and vexed

and wounded in the ordinary course of existence, but always theoretically worshipped. Madame de Sevigné is the highest type of this saintly creature; more tender, more constant, more impassioned, than any lover, giving all, asking nothing except that little recompense of love which she well knows is but a shadow of her own; content to give up all individual life, to regard the events of her existence only as so many means of interesting or amusing her absent child, living upon that child's recollection, longing for her presence, turning every scene around her into a shrine for the object of her soft idolatry. Such is the French woman. Her own many gifts, the tender brilliancy of her genius, her wit, her lively apprehension, are all handmaids to the love which is the one conscious principle of her being. They enable her to woo, with many a gentle art, the perhaps distracted attention of the absent; they furnish her with all those sweet wiles of affection, devices sometimes pathetic, always beautiful, to call back by moments the heart which once was her own, but now has gone from her to the stronger claims of husband and children. One weeps and one smiles over the tender record. Never was purer passion nor self-abandonment more complete.

Lady Mary Wortley is of an entirely different character. Love and longing for the absent may be, and no doubt are, gnawing at her heart also; but her philosophy is to make herself independent of these, to occupy herself, to fill the remnant of her life with interests which may break the force of that painful longing. Instead of concentrating her heart and thoughts upon the chance of a momentary meeting now and then, which may cheat with a semblance of reunion only to pierce the sufferer with new pangs of parting, she makes up her mind with a stern but not ignoble philosophy that all such sweet possibilities are over. She takes herself away to hide her solitude, to withdraw the shadow of her deserted life from that of her child. She sets forth in her letters all her surroundings, all her occupations, not by way of amusing her correspondent alone, but by way of showing that her own life is yet worth living, and her individuality unimpaired. It is possible that in this steady and unflinching purpose there may be almost a higher principle of affection than that which moves the tender outpourings of the other mother's heart; but it is the tenderness of a stoic, content to take what is possible, and to resign what cannot be hoped for, and not the effusion of love which dies for a response. Madame de Sevigné, but for the soft dignity which was inalienable from her as her child's

mother, would have been a servant for her love. Lady Mary could not but live her own life, and preserve her independence and personality. In her Italian villa, queen of the alien hamlet, legislator for her neighbour cottages, the English lady took her forlorn yet individual place; filling her days with a thousand occupations, dazzling the strange little world about her with brilliant talk, seeking forgetfulness in books, living and growing old in her own way with a certain proud reasonableness and philosophy; deluding herself with no dreams, forbidding her heart to brood over the past, and making a heroic and partially successful attempt to be sufficient unto herself. We follow her brave spirit through the haze of years with a certain wondering sympathy, a surprised respect. "Keep my letters," said Lady Mary, in the hey-day of her life; "they will be as good as Madame de Sevigné's forty years hence." But no sacredness of time and no warmth of appreciation could ever make the two works equal. They spring from an altogether different inspiration, and reveal a totally diverse soul.

The period of exile imposed upon herself by this singular woman was almost a third part of her whole life. She was twenty-two years in Italy, not always resident in the same place, though Venice was her chief abode; and the little watering-place of Louvere seems to have been her favourite refuge from the summer heats; during which time her correspondence with her husband and daughter was uninterrupted except by the vicissitudes of the post, and the contrariety of ambassadors and consuls. Even then in her waning years she was not an inoffensive personage; but always a woman of mark, making enemies as well as friends. These letters undergo a gradual change as her life changes. From London she had written to her sister as one woman of the world, active and full of life, might be expected to write to another. In her Italian correspondence her voice grows sober, her style composed. It is the wisdom of years, not lofty, but yet full of sense and reason, and unexaggerated reality. She gives her opinion with the fulness of detail and calm of experience which belong to her age; but she does not insist on her opinion being received. She consents to the different views of her daughter with a quiet tolerance. "You see I was not mistaken in supposing we should have disputes concerning your daughters, if we were together, since we can differ even at this distance," she writes, apparently after receiving her daughter's reply to two or three long and careful letters upon education.

"The sort of learning," she adds, "that I recommended is not so expensive, either of time or money, as dancing, and, in my opinion, likely to be of much more use to Lady—, if her memory and apprehension are what you represented them to me. However, every one has a right to educate their children their own way, and I shall speak no more on that subject." Thus she withdraws from every appearance of controversy. Her life had been marked by broils enough, but here it is evident she put force on herself, and would give no excuse for estrangement. And as even this subject, which she felt herself to be an authority on, was dangerous ground, the exile, in her wonderful self-control, turns from it without a word of reproach, and goes back to the subject of her vineyards and gardens, her villages and her books. She tells her daughter how she has sat up all night over 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and wept over it; but adds the most sagacious criticism upon the defects of the school of fiction to which it belongs, and the book's individual weaknesses. "I fancy you are now saying, 'tis a sad thing to grow old," she says at the end of a long letter on literary subjects, with a half apology, which is wonderfully pathetic. "What does my poor mamma mean by troubling me with criticisms on books which nobody but herself has ever read? You must allow something to my solitude. I have a pleasure in writing to my dear child, and not many subjects to write upon." Thus she lives her solitary life, and takes what forlorn pleasure she can out of it. "I find by experience more sincere pleasures with my books and garden than all the flutter of a court could give me," she says. But the picture has taken a sober colouring; an air of loneliness breathes through it. Not the restless palpitating loneliness of the young Lady Mary, years before, on the Hinchinbroke terrace, when all the brilliant world lay within reach, yet the robin-redbreast, with "good-humour and humanity," alone bore her company; but a calm solitude, undisturbed by anticipation, and without hope. Resolution steady and gentle, yet almost stern in its constancy, inspires the strange record. Never to murmur at the inevitable, to be no burden, no shadow upon any one, to make the best of her life, and get some good out of its most unpromising conditions; to be herself, let everything change around her. Such is the quiet determination that underlies all her pretty descriptions, all her accounts of places and people, her criticisms and her arguments. She is no melancholy suppliant bidding for pity, striving after a

reluctant love; but a composed observer, reticent and unexact upon others, because she has wisely preserved a life of her own. That life is not one that could have had many charms for a less powerful or self-sustaining spirit; but there is in it an inalienable dignity of self-command, and that mingled submission to, and resistance of, the fatal coil of circumstances which display the highest qualities of humanity. Lady Mary submitted and made the best of the changes which she could not help, but at the same time she made props to herself of her own abounding vital force, of her faculty of amusement, even of the eccentricities of her character, to save herself from being crushed by them. In doing so, she transgressed many of the chief articles in the code of respectability, which ordains that a woman, when lonely and abandoned, shall make up her mind to it, and die or sink into apathy without showing any frivolous inclinations towards a life which the world has pronounced over for her. The woman whose story we have so far traced was not one who could die, or who could consent to be crushed into inanity. She fled from that life-in-death. It was not possible to her to do less than live so long as existence lasted; and we believe it would be better for humanity, better for our common chances of happiness, if the wounded, the lonely, and the deserted shared her instinctive wisdom, and asserted their forlorn right to such existence as suited their constitutions, instead of sinking into the tedium of forced uniformity, as so many shipwrecked people do.

It is curious to turn from the subdued yet lifelike colours of this picture to the daub marked with the same name on the walls of Horace Walpole's endless gallery. She was old when he met her at Florence, and he was not the sort of young man whom an ancient beauty would inspire with any respectful or sympathetic feeling. Although she found him "wonderfully civil," Lady Mary was an old hag to the lively youth, as old women of every description often are in the eyes of the younger generation. "Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name," says Horace. "She wears a foul mob that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang down never combed nor curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper that gapes open and discovers a canvass petticoat; the face swelled violently on one side, partly covered with a plaster, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney. In three words I will give you



her picture as we drew it in the *sortes Virgilianæ*—

“*Insanum vatem aspicies.*”

I give you my honour we did not choose it.”

This description chimes in badly with the idea conveyed by her letters; but yet, alas, the evidence of tradition would seem to prove, as might be made plain by various unsavoury and unquotable anecdotes, that Lady Mary was not distinguished by that scrupulous regard to cleanliness of person which is one of the chief articles nowadays in the social code. It was not of the first importance then, and we fear there is nothing to be said on this subject for the old woman of fashion. When the Prince of Wales bade his wife observe how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed, he gave her the only tribute which in this particular she ever seems to have received. Even in her earliest years she herself expressed boldly her indifference and almost contempt for dress; and though she warms to a certain degree of womanly enthusiasm about the decorations of the harem, her admiration was stimulated by many extraneous causes. Possibly the young people in the Florentine palaces, when they gazed at the old English-woman, with her careless garb and her strange reputation, laughed with Horace Walpole; a circumstance with which we, whose aim is to draw the picture of her mind and heart from materials which she alone could furnish, have but a secondary concern. But at the same time the contrast between the sketch made from without and the picture which grows under her own fingers within is worth notice. No doubt there are other instances, as well as that of Lady Mary, in which the old-fashioned figure, worn with age, and subject to all the quips and cranks of time, yet clinging with what seems an unnatural frivolity to the amusements of the world, at which the young people laugh, would be found, if the spectator looked deeper, to be but balancing itself by these contemptible means on the frail plank that bridges over those abysses of self-annihilation and nonentity which are worse than death.

We will give a last sketch of this indomitable old woman in her own words, as addressed to the friends of her old age, Sir James and Lady Frances Stewart, to whom, when nearly seventy, she addresses letters as full of playful wit and cordial friendship as if her faculties had been at their freshest, and in whose behalf she employs what interest she has with her son-in-law Lord Bute, then in full favour with the young King George III.:—

“Solitude begets whimsies; at my time of life one usually falls into those that are melancholy, though I endeavour to keep up a certain sprightly folly that (I thank God) I was born with. . . . My chief study all my life has been to lighten misfortunes and multiply pleasures as far as human nature can. . . . You know I am enthusiastic in my friendships. I also hear from all hands of my daughter’s prosperity; you, madam, who are a mother, may judge of my pleasure in her happiness, though I have no taste for that sort of felicity. I could never endure with patience the austerities of a court life. I was saying every day from my heart (while I was condemned to it), The things that I would do, these I do not; and the things I would not do, these do I daily; and I had rather be a sister of St. Clara than lady of the bedchamber to any lady in Europe. It is not age and disappointment that have given me these sentiments; you may see them in a copy of verses sent from Constantinople in my early youth to my uncle Fielding, and by his well-intended indiscretion shown about, copies taken, and at last miserably printed. I own myself such a rake I prefer liberty to chains of diamonds, and when I hold my peace (like King David) it is pain and grief to me.”

Mr. Wortley died in 1761, leaving behind him an enormous fortune. Whether the family business connected with this brought Lady Mary to England, or whether she was drawn home by the instinct of all dying creatures, we are not informed. It is evident, however, that her return had been spoken of for some time previously. “I have outlived the greatest part of my acquaintance,” she writes in the year 1760; “and, to say the truth, a return to crowd and bustle after my long retirement would be disagreeable to me. Yet if I could be of use either to your father or your family, I would venture the shortening of the insignificant days of your affectionate mother.” Still later she writes to Sir James Stewart, “I confess that though I am (it may be) beyond the strict bounds of reason pleased with my Lord Bute’s and my daughter’s prosperity, I am doubtful whether I will attempt to be a spectator of it. I have so many years indulged my natural inclinations to solitude and reading, I am unwilling to return to crowds and bustle, which would be unavoidable in London.” But her husband’s death seems to have decided the step which she thus regarded, and in the beginning of 1762 she had reached her native country. Walpole once more comes in at this point with the only description we have of the ancient beauty, now seventy-two, and in very broken health. He had sent her a copy of his book, ‘*Royal and Noble Authors.*’ Notwithstanding his con-



temptuous comments on her, he had been "wonderfully civil," she herself tells us, in Florence, and hastened to pay his respects on her arrival in London, but yet he cannot resist the temptation of making another ill-natured sketch of her :—

"I went last night to visit her," writes Horace. "I give you my honour, and you who know her will believe me without it, the following is a faithful description : I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood wrapped entirely round so as to conceal all hair or want of hair ; no handkerchief, but instead of it a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark-green brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs ; bodice laced ; a full dimity petticoat sprigged ; velvet muffetees on her arms ; grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined. I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she should have taken it for flattery ; but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her language as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the cheapness of the provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men-servants, and something she calls an old secretary, but whose age, till he appears, will be doubtful, she has travelled everywhere. She receives all the world who go to homage her as queen-mother, and crams them into this kennel."

Yet Horace was one of the first to visit her, and the most ready to flatter, though he could not deny himself even here the monstrous insinuations about the *old* secretary of a woman of seventy-two ! dislike evidently rendering him blind. "Those who could remember her arrival," writes Lady Louisa Stuart, on the other hand, "spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigour which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view after so long an absence. . . . 'I am most handsomely

lodged,' she said ; 'I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor.' This served to laugh at, but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo." She came with her old prepossessions and enmities to a new world, in which her daughter had taken a new place of her own, and into which a new generation had grown up. But for that same daughter—no longer her "little damsel in white," the girl whose life had been, as she says, her passion, but Lord Bute's wife, and mother of nine or ten children, each one of whom, doubtless, was of much more consequence to her than her mother—Lady Mary must have felt herself more utterly a stranger than among the palaces of Venice or the rural byways of Louvere. She brought her death with her to her native country in the most terrible shape that death can come. A secret cancer, like the fabled fox that gnawed the Spartan's vitals, had been undermining her health for some time, and in ten months after her return to England, Lady Mary died.

Thus the tragedy ended like all tragedies, the last act in it being the least tragic, the least sorrowful of all. This woman of the world, too, had her speechless weight upon her, her burden patiently borne. She carried it heroically, without a word, trying ever with supreme valour to conceal it from herself, and refuse to herself the sad luxury of brooding over it. It is with a sigh of relief that we turn from this as from so many other graves. The labouring man had gone out to his toil and labour till the evening ; and now the soft night, wrapping all griefs in its darkness and stillness, weeping all nameless agonies with its mild dews, had come.

There is little to be said about Lady Mary Wortley's writings. Her life and soul and curious personality live in her letters. In her verses there is only the artificial reflex of an age and style of the highest artificiality, with sparkles of wit, no doubt, and full of the wonderful clearness of a keen-eyed, quick, observing woman of the world. But she too, like most other persons with whom one comes in contact in the long vistas of history, is in herself more interesting, more curious, a thousand times closer to us, than any of her works.

## CHAPTER LIII.

## ISCHIA.

THE sun had just sunk below the horizon, and a blaze of blended crimson and gold spread over the Bay of Naples, colouring the rocky island of Ischia till it glowed like a carbuncle. Gradually, however, the rich warm tints began to fade away from the base of the mountains, and a cold blue colour stole slowly up their sides, peak after peak surrendering their gorgeous panoply, till at length the whole island assumed a hue blue as the sea it stood in.

But for the memory of the former glory it would have been difficult to imagine a more beautiful picture. Every cliff and jutting promontory tufted with wild olives and myrtle was reflected in the waveless sea below; and feathery palm-trees and broad-leaved figs trembled in the water, as that gentle wash eddied softly round the rocks, or played on the golden shore.

It was essentially the hour of peace and repose. Along the shores of the bay, in every little village, the angelus was ringing, and kneeling groups were bowed in prayer; and even here, on this rocky islet, where crime and wretchedness were sent to expiate by years of misery their sins against their fellow-men, the poor galley-slaves caught one instant of kindred with the world, and were suffered to taste in peace the beauty of the hour. There they were in little knots and groups—some lying listlessly in the deep grass; some gathered on a little rocky point, watching the fish as they darted to and fro in the limpid water, and doubtless envying their glorious freedom; and others, again, seated under some spreading tree, and seeming, at least, to feel the calm influence of the hour.

The soldiers who formed their guard had piled their arms, leaving here and there merely a sentinel, and had gone down amongst the rocks to search for limpets, or those rugged ricci di mare which humble palates accept as delicacies. A few, too, dashed in for a swim, and their joyous voices and merry laughter were heard amid the splash of the water they disported in.

In a small cleft of a rock overshadowed by an old ilex-tree, two men sat moodily gazing upon the sea. In dress they were indeed alike, for both wore that terrible green and yellow livery that marks a life-long condemnation, and each carried the heavy chain of the same terrible sentence. They were linked together at the ankle, and thus, for convenience sake, they sat shoulder to shoulder. One was a thin, spare, but still wiry-looking man, evidently

far advanced in life, but with a vigour in his look and a quick intelligence in his eye that showed what energy he must have possessed in youth. He had spent years at the galleys, but neither time nor the degradation of his associations had completely eradicated the traces of something above the common in his appearance; for No. 97—he had no other name as a prisoner—had been condemned for his share in a plot against the life of the king, three of his associates having been beheaded for their greater criminality. What station he might originally have belonged to was no longer easy to determine; but there were yet some signs that indicated that he had been at least in the middle rank of life. His companion was unlike him in every way. He was a young man, with fresh complexion and large blue eyes, the very type of frankness and good-nature. Not even prison diet and discipline had yet hollowed his cheek, though it was easy to see that unaccustomed labour and distasteful food were beginning to tell upon his strength, and the bitter smile with which he was gazing on his lank figure and wasted hands showed the wearing misery that was consuming him.

"Well, old Nick," said the young man, at length, "this is to be our last evening together; and if I ever should touch land again, is there any way I could help you—is there anything I could do for you?"

"So then you're determined to try it?" said the other, in a low growling tone.

"That I am. I have not spent weeks fling through that confounded chain for nothing; one wrench now, and it's smashed."

"And then?" asked the old man, with a grin.

"And then I'll have a swim for it. I know all that—I know it all," said he, answering a gesture of the other's hand; "but do you think I care to drag out such a life as this?"

"I do," was the quiet reply.

"Then why you do is clear and clean beyond me. To me it is worse than fifty deaths."

"Look here, lad," said the old man, with a degree of animation he had not shown before. "There are four hundred and eighty of us here; some for ten, some for twenty years, some for life; except yourself alone, there is not one has the faintest chance of a pardon. You are English, and your nation takes trouble about its people, and, right or wrong, in the end gets them favourable treatment, and yet you are the only man here who would put his life in jeopardy on so poor a chance."

"I'll try it, for all that."

"Did you ever hear of a man that escaped by swimming?"

"If they didn't it was their own fault — at least they gave themselves no fair chance; they always made for the shore, and generally the nearest shore, and of course they were followed and taken. I'll strike out for the open sea, and once that I have cut the cork floats off a fishing-net, I'll be able to float for hours when I tire swimming. Once in the open, it will be hard luck if some coasting vessel, some steamer to Palermo or Messina, should not pick me up. Besides, there are numbers of fishing-boats——"

"Any one of which would be right glad to make five ducaats by bringing you safe back to the police."

"I don't believe it — I don't believe there is that much baseness in a human heart."

"Take my word for it, there are depths a good deal below even that," said the old man, with a harsh grating laugh.

"No matter, come what will of it, I'll make the venture; and now, as our time is growing short, tell me if there is anything I can do for you, if I live to get free again. Have you any friends who could help you? or is there any one to whom you would wish me to go on your behalf?"

"None — none," said he, slowly but calmly.

"As yours was a political crime ——"

"I have done all of them, and if my life were to be drawn out for eighty years longer it would not suffice for all the sentences against me."

"Still I'd not despair of doing something ——"

"Look here, lad," said the other, sharply; "it is my will that all who belong to me should believe me dead. I was shipwrecked twelve years ago, and reported to have gone down with all the crew. My son ——"

"Have you a son, then?"

"My son inherits rights that, stained as I am by crime and condemnation, I never could have maintained. Whether he shall make them good or not will depend on whether he has more or less of my blood in his veins. It may be, however, he will want money to prosecute his claim. I have none to send him, but I could tell him where he is almost certain to find not only money but what will serve him more than money, if you could make him out. I have written some of the names he is known by on this paper, and he can be traced through Bolton the banker at Naples. Tell him to seek out all the places old Giacomo Lami worked at. He never painted his daughter Enrichetta in a fresco, that he didn't hide gold, or jew-

els, or papers of value somewhere near. Tell him, above all, to find out where Giacomo's last work was executed. You can say that you got this commission from me years ago in Monte Video; and when you tell him it was Niccolo Baldassare gave it, he'll believe you. There. I have written Giacomo Lami on that paper, so that you need not trust to your memory. But why do I waste time with these things? You'll never set foot on shore, lad — never."

"I am just as certain that I shall. If that son of yours was only as certain of winning his estate, I'd call him a lucky fellow. But see, they are almost dressed. They'll be soon ready to march us home. Rest your foot next this rock till I smash the link, and when you see them coming roll this heavy stone down into the sea. I'll make for the south side of the island, and, once night falls, take to the water. Good-by, old fellow. I'll not forget you — never, never," and he wrung the old man's hand in a strong grasp. The chain gave way at the second blow, and he was gone.

Just as the last flickering light was fading from the sky, three cannon-shot in quick succession announced that a prisoner had made his escape, and patrols issued forth in every direction to scour the island, while boats were manned to search the caves and crevasses along the shore.

The morning's telegram to the Minister of Police ran thus:—"No. 11 made his escape last evening, filing his ankle-iron. The prisoner 97, to whom he was linked, declares that he saw him leap into the sea and sink. This statement is not believed; but up to this, no trace of the missing man has been discovered."

In the afternoon of the same day, Temple Bramleigh learned the news, and hastened home to the hotel to inform his chief. Lord Cuduff was not in the best of tempers. Some independent member below the gangway had given notice of a question he intended to ask the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the leader of a Radical morning paper had thus paraphrased the inquiry:—"What Mr. Bechell wishes to ascertain, in fact, amounts to this, — 'Could not the case of Samuel Rogers have been treated by our resident envoy at Naples, or was it necessary that the dignity and honour of England should be maintained by an essenced old fop, whose 'social successes' — and we never heard that he had any other — date from the early days of the Regency?'"

Lord Cuduff was pacing his room angrily when Temple entered, and, although nothing would have induced him to show the

insolent paragraph of the paper, he burst out into a violent abuse of those meddling some Radicals, whose whole mission in life was to assail men of family and station.

"In the famous revolution of France, sir," cried he, "they did their work with the guillotine; but our cowardly canaille never rise above defamation. You must write to the papers about this, Temple. You must expose this system of social assassination, or the day will come, if it has not already come, when gentlemen of birth and blood will refuse to serve the Crown."

"I came back to tell you that our man has made his escape," said Temple, half trembling at daring to interrupt this flow of indignation.

"And whom do you call our man, sir?"

"I mean Rogers—the fellow we have been writing about."

"How and when has this happened?"

Temple proceeded to repeat what he had learned at the prefecture of the police, and read out the words of the telegram.

"Let us see," said Lord Culduff, seating himself in a well-cushioned chair. "Let us see what new turn this will give the affair. He may be recaptured, or he may be, most probably is, drowned. We then come in for compensation. They must indemnify. There are few claims so thoroughly chronic in their character as those for an indemnity. You first discuss the right, and you then higggle over the arithmetic. I don't want to go back to town this season. See to it, then, Temple, that we reserve this question entirely to ourselves. Let Blagden refer everything to us."

"They have sent the news home already."

"Oh! they have. Very sharp practice. Not peculiar for any extreme delicacy either. But I cannot dine with Blagden, for all that. This escape gives a curious turn to the whole affair. Let us look into it a little. I take it the fellow must have gone down—eh?"

"Most probably."

"Or he might have been picked up by some passing steamer or by a fishing-boat. Suppose him to have got free, he'll get back to England, and make capital out of the adventure. These fellows understand all that nowadays."

Temple, seeing a reply was expected, assented.

"So that we must not be precipitate, Temple," said Lord Culduff, slowly. "It's a case for caution."

These words, and the keen look that accompanied them, were perfect puzzles to Temple, and he did not dare to speak.

"The thing must be done this wise," said Lord Culduff. "It must be a 'private and

confidential' to the office, and a 'sly and ambiguous' to the public prints. I'll charge myself with the former; the latter shall be your care, Temple. You are intimate with Flosser, the correspondent of the *Bell-Wether*. Have him to dinner, and be indiscreet. This old Madeira here will explain any amount of expansiveness. Get him to talk of this escape, and let out the secret that it was we who managed it all. Mind, however, that you swear him not to reveal anything. It would be your ruin, you must say, if the affair got wind: but the fact was, Lord Culduff saw the Neapolitans were determined not to surrender him, and, knowing what an insult it would be to the public feeling of England that an Englishman was held as a prisoner at the galleys for an act of heroism and gallantry, the only course was to liberate him at any cost and in any way. Flosser will swear secrecy, but hint at this solution as the only one in certain keen coteries. Such a mode of treating the matter carries more real weight than a sworn affidavit. Men like the problem that they fancy they have unravelled by their own acuteness. And then it muzzles discussion in the House, since even the most blatant Radical sees that it cannot be debated openly; for all Englishmen, as a rule, love compensation, and we can only claim indemnification here on the assumption that we were no parties to the escape. Do you follow me, Temple?"

"I believe I do. I see the drift of it at least."

"There's no drift, sir. It is a full, palpable, well-delivered blow. We saved Rogers; but we refuse to explain how."

"And if he turn up one of these days, and refuse to confirm us?"

"Then we denounce him as an impostor; but always, mark you, in the same shadowy way that we allude to our share in his evasion. It must be a sketch in water-colours throughout, Temple; very faint and very transparent. When I have rough-drafted my despatch, you shall see it. Once the original melody is before you, you will see there is nothing to do but invent the variations."

"My lady wishes to know, my lord, if your lordship will step up-stairs to speak to her?" said a servant at this juncture.

"Go up, Temple, and see what it is," whispered Lord Culduff. "If it be about that box at the St. Carlos, you can say our stay here is now most uncertain. If it be a budget question, she must wait till quarter-day." He smiled maliciously as he spoke, and waved his hand to dismiss him. Within a minute, — it seemed scarcely half

that time, — Lady Culduff entered the room, with an open letter in her hand; her colour was high, and her eyes flashing, as she said: —

"Make your mind at ease, my lord. It is no question of an opera-box, or a milliner's bill, but it is a matter of much importance that I desire to speak about. Will you do me the favour to read that, and say what answer I shall return to it?"

Lord Culduff took the letter and read it over leisurely, and then laying it down, said, "Lady Augusta is not a very perspicuous letter-writer, or else she feels her present task too much for her tact; but what she means here is, that you should give M. Pracontal permission to ransack your brother's house for documents, which, if discovered, might deprive him of his title to his estate. The request, at least, has modesty to recommend it."

"The absurdity is, to my thinking, greater than even the impertinence," cried Lady Culduff. "She says that on separating two pages, which by some accident had adhered, of Giacomo Lami's journal, — whoever Giacomo Lami may be, — *we* — *we* being Pracontal and herself — have discovered that it was Giacomo's habit to conceal important papers in the walls where he painted, and in all cases where he introduced his daughter's portrait; and that, as in the octagon room at Castello there is a picture of her as Flora, it is believed — confidently believed — such documents will be found there as will throw great light upon the present claim."

"First of all," said he, interrupting, "is there such a portrait?"

"There is a Flora; I never heard it was a portrait. Who could tell after what the artist copied it?"

"Lady Augusta assumes to believe this story."

"Lady Augusta is only too glad to believe what everybody else would pronounce incredible; but this is not all: she has the inconceivable impertinence to prefer this request to us, to make us a party to our own detriment, — as if it were matter of perfect indifference who possessed these estates, and who owned Castello."

"I declare I have heard sentiments from your brother Augustus that would fully warrant this impression. I have a letter of his in my desk wherein he distinctly says, that once satisfied in his own mind, — not to the conviction of his lawyer, mark you, nor to the conviction of men well versed in evidence, and accustomed to sift testimony, but simply to his own not very capacious intellect, — that the estate belongs to Pra-

contal, he'll yield him up the possession without dispute or delay."

"He's a fool; there is no other name for him," said she passionately.

"Yes; and his folly is very mischievous folly, for he is abrogating rights he has no pretension to deal with. It is just as well, at all events, that this demand was addressed to us and not to your brother, for I'm certain he'd not have refused his permission."

"I know it," said she, fiercely; "and if Lady Augusta only knew his address and how a letter might reach him, she would never have written to us. Time pressed, however; see what she says here. 'The case will come on for trial in November, and if the papers have the value and significance Count Pracontal's lawyers suspect, there will yet be time to make some arrangement, — the Count would be disposed for a generous one, — which might lessen the blow, and diminish the evil consequences of a verdict certain to be adverse to the present possessor.'"

"She dissevers her interests from those of her late husband's family with great magnanimity, I must say."

"The horrid woman is going to marry Pracontal."

"They say so, but I doubt it, at least, till he comes out a victor."

"How she could have dared to write this, how she could have had the shamelessness to ask *me*, — *me* whom she certainly ought to know, — to aid and abet a plot directed against the estates — the very legitimacy of my family, — is more than I can conceive."

"She's an implicit believer, one must admit, for she says, 'If on examining the part of the wall behind the pedestal of the figure nothing shall be found, she desires no further search. The spot is indicated with such exactness in the journal, that she limits her request distinctly to this.'"

"Probably she thought the destruction of a costly fresco might well have been demurred to," said Lady Culduff, angrily. "Not but, for my part, I'd equally refuse her leave to touch the moulding in the surbase. I am glad, however, she has addressed this demand to us, for I know well Augustus is weak enough to comply with it, and fancy himself a hero in consequence. There is something piquant in the way she hints that she is asking as a favour what, for all she knows, might be claimed as a right."

"Imagine the woman saying this!"

"It is like asking me for the key of my writing-desk to see if I have not some paper or letter there that might, if published, give me grave inconvenience."



"I have often heard of her eccentricities and absurdities, but on this occasion I believe she has actually outdone herself. I suppose, though this appeal is made to us conjointly, as it is addressed to me I am the proper person to reply to it."

"Certainly, my lady."

"And I may say,—Lord Culduff feels shocked equally with myself at the indelicacy of the step you have just taken; failing to respect the tie which connects you with our family, you might, he opines, have had some regards for the decencies which regulate social intercourse, and while bearing our name, not have ranked yourself with those who declare themselves our enemies. I may say this, I may tell her that her conduct is shameless, an outrage on all feeling, and not only derogatory to her station, but unwomanly?"

"I don't think I'd say that," said he, with a faint simper, while he patted his hand with a gold paper-knife. "I opine the better way would be to accept her ladyship's letter as the most natural thing in life *from her*; that she had preferred a request which, coming from *her*, was all that was right and reasonable. That there was something very noble and very elevated in the way she could rise superior to personal interests and the ties of kindred, and actually assert the claims of mere justice; but I'd add that the decision could not lie with us,—that your brother, being the head of the family, was the person to whom the request must be addressed, and that we would, with her permission, charge ourselves with the task. Pray hear me out—first of all, we have a delay while she replies to this, with or without the permission we ask for; in that interval you can inform your brother that a very serious plot is being concerted against him; that your next letter will fully inform him as to the details of the conspiracy,—your present advice being simply for warning, and then, when, if she still persist, the matter must be heard, it will be strange if Augustus shall not have come to the conclusion that the part intended for him is a very contemptible one—that of a dupe."

"Your lordship's mode may be more diplomatic; mine would be more direct."

"Which is exactly its demerit, my lady," said he, with one of his blindest smiles. "In my craft the great secret is never to give a flat refusal to anything. If the French were to ask us for the Isle of Wight, the proper reply would be a polite demand for the reasons that prompted the request, and a courteous assurance that they should meet with every consideration and a cordial

disposition to make every possible concession that might lead to a closer union with a nation it was our pride and happiness to reckon on as an ally."

"These fallacies never deceive any one."

"Nor are they meant to do so, any more than the words 'your most obedient and humble servant' at the foot of a letter; but they serve to keep correspondence within polite limits."

"And they consume time," broke she in, impatiently.

"And, as you observe so aptly, they consume time."

"Let us have done with trifling, my lord. I mean to answer this letter in my own way."

"I can have no other objection to make to that save the unnecessary loss of time I have incurred in listening to the matter."

"That time so precious to the nation you serve!" said she, sneeringly.

"Your ladyship admirably expresses my meaning."

"Then, my lord, I make you the only amends in my power; I take my leave of you."

"Your ladyship's politeness is never at fault," said he, rising to open the door for her.

"Has Temple told you that the box on the lower tier is now free—the box I spoke of?"

"He has; but our stay here is now uncertain. It may be days; it may be hours—"

"And why was I not told? I have been giving orders to tradespeople—accepting invitations—making engagements, and what not. Am I to be treated like the wife of a subaltern in a marching regiment—to hold myself ready to start when the route comes?"

"How I could envy that subaltern," said he, with an inimitable mixture of raillery and deference.

She darted on him a look of indignant anger, and swept out of the room.

Lord Culduff rang his bell, and told the servant to beg Mr. Temple Bramleigh would have the kindness to step down to him.

"Write to Filangieri, Temple," said he, "and say that I desire to have access to the prisoner Rogers. We know nothing of his escape, and the demand will embarrass—there, don't start objections, my dear boy; I never play a card without thinking what the enemy will do after he scores the trick." And with this profound encomium on himself he dismissed the secretary and proceeded to read the morning papers.

## CHAPTER LIII.

## A RAINY NIGHT AT SEA.

THE absurd demand preferred by Lady Augusta in her letter to Marion was a step taken without any authority from Pracontal, and actually without his knowledge. On the discovery of the adhering pages of the journal, and their long consideration of the singular memorandum that they found within, Pracontal carried away the book to Longworth to show him the passage and ask what importance he might attach to its contents.

Longworth was certainly struck by the minute particularity with which an exact place was indicated. There was a rough pen sketch of the Flora, and a spot marked by a cross at the base of the pedestal with the words, "Here will be found the books." Lower down on the same page was written, "These volumes, which I did not obtain without difficulty, and which were too cumbersome to carry away, I have deposited in this safe place, and the time may come when they will be of value.—G. L."

"Now," said Longworth, after some minutes of deep thought, "Lami was a man engaged in every imaginable conspiracy. There was not a State in Europe, apparently, where he was not, to some extent, compromised. These books he refers to may be the records of some secret society, and he may have stored them there as a security against the lukewarmness or the treachery of men whose fate might be imperilled by certain documents. Looking to the character of Lami, his intense devotion to these schemes, and his crafty nature and the Italian forethought which seems always to have marked whatever he did, I half incline to this impression. Then, on the other hand, you remember, Pracontal, when we went over to Portshandon to inquire about the registry books, we heard that they had all been stolen or destroyed by the rebels in '98?"

"Yes, I remember that well. I had not attached any importance to the fact; but I remember how much Kelson was disconcerted and put out by the intelligence, and how he continually repeated, 'This is no accident; this is no accident.'"

"It would be a rare piece of fortune if they were the church registers, and that they contained a formal registry of the marriage."

"But who doubts it?"

"Say rather, my dear friend, why should any one believe it? Just think for one moment who Montagu Bramleigh was, what was his station and his fortune, and then remember the interval that separated him

from the Italian painter—a man of a certain ability, doubtless. Is it the most likely thing in the world that if the young Englishman fell in love with the beautiful Italian, that he would have sacrificed his whole ambition in life to his passion? Is it not far more probable, in fact, that no marriage whatever united them? Come, come, Pracontal, this is not, now at least, a matter to grow sulky over; you cannot be angry or indignant at my frankness, and you'll not shoot me for this slur on your grandmother's fair reputation."

"I certainly think that with nothing better than a theory to support it, you might have spared her memory this aspersion."

"If I had imagined you could not talk of it as unconcernedly as myself, I assure you I would never have spoken about it."

"You see now, however, that you have mistaken me—that you have read me rather as one of your own people than as a Frenchman," said the other, warmly.

"I certainly see that I must not speak to you with frankness, and I shall use caution not to offend you by candour."

"This is not enough, sir," said the Frenchman, rising and staring angrily at him.

"What is not enough?" said Longworth, with a perfect composure.

"Not enough for apology, sir; not enough as 'amende' for an unwarrantable and insolent calumny."

"You are getting angry at the sound of your own voice, Pracontal. I now tell you that I never meant—never could have meant—to offend you. You came to me for a counsel which I could only give by speaking freely what was in my mind. This is surely enough for apology."

"Then let it all be forgotten at once," cried the other, warmly.

"I'll not go that far," said Longworth, in the same calm tone as before. "You have accepted my explanation; you have recognised what one moment of justice must have convinced you of—that I had no intention to wound your feelings. There is certainly, however, no reason in the world why I should expose my own to any unnecessary injury. I have escaped a peril; I have no wish to incur another of the same sort."

"I don't think I understand you," said Pracontal, quickly. "Do you mean we should quarrel?"

"By no means."

"That we should separate, then?"

"Certainly."

The Frenchman became pale, and suddenly his face flushed till it was deep crim-

son, and his eyes flashed with fire. The effort to be calm was almost a strain beyond his strength; but he succeeded, and in a voice scarcely above a whisper, he said, "I am deeply in your debt; I cannot say how deeply. My lawyer, however, does know, and I will confer with him."

"This is a matter of small consequence, and does not press: besides, I beg you will not let it trouble you."

The measured coldness with which these words were spoken seemed to jar painfully on Pracontal's temper, for he snatched his hat from the table, and with a hurried, "Adieu—adieu, then," left the room. The carriages of the hotel were waiting in the courtyard to convey the travellers to the station.

"Where is the train starting for?" asked he of a waiter.

"For Civita, sir."

"Step up to my room, then, and throw my clothes into a portmanteau—enough for a few days. I shall have time to write a note, I suppose?"

"Ample, sir. You have forty minutes yet."

Pracontal opened his writing-desk and wrote a few lines to Lady Augusta, to tell how a telegram had just called him away,—it might be to Paris, perhaps London. He would be back within ten days, and explain all. He wished he might have her leave to write, but he had not a moment left him to ask the permission. Should he risk the liberty? What if it might displease her? He was every way unfortunate; nor, in all the days of a life of changes and vicissitudes, did he remember a sadder moment than this in which he wrote himself her devoted servant, A. Pracontal de Bramleigh. This done, he jumped into a carriage, and just reached the train in time to start for Civita.

There was little of exaggeration when he said he had never known greater misery and depression than he now felt. The thought of that last meeting with Longworth overwhelmed him with sorrow. When we bear in mind how slowly and gradually the edifice of friendship is built up; how many of our prejudices have often to be overcome; how much of self-education is effected in the process; the thought that all this labour of time and feeling should be cast to the winds at once for a word of passion or a hasty expression, is humiliating to a degree. Pracontal had set great store by Longworth's friendship for him. He had accepted great favours at his hand, but so kindly and so gracefully conferred as to

double the obligations by the delicacy with which they were bestowed. And this was the man whose good feeling for him he had outraged and insulted beyond recall. "If it had been an open quarrel between us, I could have stood his fire and shown him how thoroughly I knew myself in the wrong; but his cold disdain is more than I can bear. And what was it all about? How my old comrades would laugh if they heard that I had quarrelled with my best friend. Ah, my grandmother's reputation! Ma foi, how much more importance one often attaches to a word than to what it represents!" Thus angry with himself, mocking the very pretensions on which he had assumed to reprehend his friend, and actually ridiculing his own conduct, he embarked from Marseilles to hasten over to England, and entreat Kendal to discharge the money obligation which yet bound him to Longworth.

It was a rough night at sea, and the packet so crowded by passengers that Pracontal was driven to pass the night on deck. In the haste of departure he had not provided himself with overcoats or rugs, and was but ill-suited to stand the severity of a night of cold cutting wind and occasional drifts of hail. To keep himself warm he walked the deck for hours, pacing rapidly to and fro; perhaps not sorry at heart that physical discomfort compelled him to dwell less on the internal griefs that preyed upon him. One solitary passenger besides himself had sought the deck, and he had rolled himself in a multiplicity of warm wrappers, and lay snugly under the shelter of the binnacle—a capacious tarpaulin cloak surmounting all his other integuments.

Pracontal's campaigning experiences had taught him that the next best thing to being well-cloaked oneself is to lie near the man that is so; and thus, seeing that the traveller was fast asleep, he stretched himself under his lee, and even made free to draw a corner of the heavy tarpaulin over him.

"I say," cried the stranger, on discovering a neighbour; "I say, old fellow, you are coming it a bit too free and easy. You've stripped my covering off my legs."

"A thousand pardons," rejoined Pracontal. "I forgot to take my rugs and wraps with me; and I am shivering with cold. I have not even an overcoat."

The tone—so evidently that of a gentleman, and the slight touch of a foreign accent—apparently at once conciliated the stranger, for he said, "I have enough and to spare: spread this blanket over you; and here's a cushion for a pillow."

These courtesies, accepted frankly as of-

ferred, soon led them to talk together; and the two men speedily found themselves chatting away like old acquaintances.

"I am puzzling myself," said the stranger at last, "to find out are you an Englishman who has lived long abroad, or are you a foreigner?"

"Is my English so good as that?" asked Pracontal, laughing.

"The very best I ever heard from any not a born Briton."

"Well, I'm a Frenchman—or a half Frenchman—with some Italian and some English blood, too, in me."

"Ah! I knew you must have had a dash of John Bull in you. No man ever spoke such English as yours without it."

"Well, but my English temperament goes two generations back. I don't believe my father was ever in England."

With this opening they talked away about national traits and peculiarities; the Frenchman with all the tact and acuteness which travel and much intercourse with life conferred; and the other with the especial shrewdness which marks a Londoner. "How did you guess I was a Cockney?" asked he, laughingly. "I don't take liberties with my H.'s."

"If you had, it is not likely I'd have known it," said Pracontal. "But your reference to town, the fidelity with which you clung to what London would think of this, or say to that, made me suspect you to be a Londoner; and I see I was right."

"After all, you Frenchmen are just as full of Paris."

"Because Paris epitomises France, and France is the greatest of all countries."

"I'll not stand that. I deny it *in toto*."

"Well, I'll not open the question now, or, maybe, you'd make me give up this blanket."

"No, I'll have the matter out on fair grounds. Keep the blanket, but just let me hear on what grounds you claim precedence for France before England."

"I'm too unlucky in matters of dispute to-day," said Pracontal sadly, "to open a new discussion. I quarrelled with, perhaps, the best friend I had in the world this morning for a mere nothing; and though there is little fear that anything we could say to each other now would provoke ill-feeling between us, I'll run no risks."

"By Jove! it must be Scotch blood is in you. I never heard of such caution!"

"No, I believe my English connection is regular Saxon. When a man has been in the newspapers in England, he need not affect secrecy or caution in talking of himself. I figured in a trial lately; I don't

know if you read the cause. It was tried in Ireland—Count Bramleigh de Pracontal against Bramleigh."

"What, are you Pracontal?" cried the stranger, starting to a sitting posture.

"Yes. Why are you so much interested?"

"Because I have seen the place. I have been over the property in dispute, and the question naturally interests me."

"Ha! you know Castello, then?"

"Castello, or Bishop's Folly. I know it best by the latter name."

"And whom am I speaking to?" said Pracontal; "for as you know me perhaps I have some right to ask this."

"My name is Cutbill; and now that you've heard it, you're nothing the wiser."

"You probably know the Bramleighs?"

"Every one of them; Augustus, the eldest, I am intimate with."

"It's not my fault that I have no acquaintance with him. I desired it much; and Lady Augusta conveyed my wish to Mr. Bramleigh, but he declined. I don't know on what grounds; but he refused to meet me, and we have never seen each other."

"If I don't greatly mistake, you ought to have met. I hope it may not be yet too late."

"Ah! but it is! We are 'en pleine guerre' now, and the battle must be fought out. It is he, and not I, would leave the matter to this issue. I was for a compromise; I would have accepted an arrangement; I was unwilling to overthrow a whole family and consign them to ruin. They might have made their own terms with me; but no, they preferred to defy me. They determined I should be a mere pretender. They gave me no alternative; and I fight because there is no retreat open to me."

"And yet if you knew Bramleigh——"

"Mon cher, he would not give me the chance; he repulsed the offer I made; he would not touch the hand I held out to him."

"I am told that the judge declared that he never tried a cause where the defendant displayed a more honourable line of conduct."

"That is all true. Kelson, my lawyer, said that everything they did was straightforward and creditable; but he said too, don't go near them, don't encourage any acquaintance with them, or some sort of arrangement will be patched up which will leave everything unsettled to another generation;—when all may become once more litigated, with less light to guide a decision and far less chance of obtaining evidence."

"Never mind the lawyers, Count, never

mind the lawyers. Use your own good sense and your own generous instincts; place yourself—in idea—in Bramleigh's position, and ask yourself, could you act more handsomely than he has done? and then bethink you what is the proper way to meet such conduct."

"It's too late for this now; don't ask me why, but take my word for it, it is too late."

"It's never too late to do the right thing, though it may cost a man some pain to own he is changing his mind."

"It's not that; it's not that," said the other, peevishly, "though I cannot explain to you why or how."

"I don't want to hear secrets," said Cutbill, bluntly; "all the more that you and I are strangers to each other. I don't think either of us has had a good look at the other's face yet."

"I've seen yours, and I don't distrust it," said the Frenchman.

"Good night, then; that's a civil speech to go to sleep over," and so saying, he rolled over to the other side and drew his blanket over his head.

Pracontal lay a long time, awake thinking of the strange companion he had chanced upon, and that still stranger amount of intimacy that had grown up between them. I suppose, muttered he to himself, I must be the most indiscreet fellow in the world; but after all, what have I said that he has not read in the newspapers, or may not read next week or the week after? I know how Kelson would condemn me for this careless habit of talking of myself and my affairs to the first man I meet on a railroad or a steamer; but I must be what nature made me, and after all, if I show too much of my hand, I gain something by learning what the bystanders say of it.

It was not till nigh daybreak that he dropped off to sleep; and when he awoke it was to see Mr. Cutbill with a large bowl of hot coffee in one hand, and a roll in the other, making an early breakfast; a very rueful figure, too, was he—as, black with smoke and coal-dust, he propped himself against the binnacle, and gazed out over the waste of waters.

"You are a good sailor, I see, and don't fear sea-sickness," said Pracontal.

"Don't I? that's all you know of it; but I take everything they bring me. There's a rasher on its way to me now, if I survive this."

"I'm for a basin of cold water and coarse towels," said the other, rising.

"That's two points in your favour towards having English blood in you," said Cutbill, gravely, for already his qualms

were returning; "when a fellow tells you he cares for soap, he can't be out and out a Frenchman." This speech was delivered with great difficulty, and when it was done he rolled over and covered himself up, over face and head, and spoke no more.

## CHAPTER LIV.

## THE LETTER BAG.

"WHAT a mail-bag!" cried Nelly, as she threw several letters on the breakfast-table; the same breakfast-table being laid under a spreading vine, all drooped and festooned with a gorgeous clematis.

"I declare," said Augustus, "I'd rather look out yonder, over the blue gulf of Cattaro, than see all the post could bring me."

"This is for you," said Nelly, handing a letter to L'Estrange.

He reddened as he took it; not that he knew either the writing or the seal, but that terrible consciousness which besets the poor man in life leads him always to regard the unknown as pregnant with misfortune; and so he pocketed his letter, to read it when alone and unobserved.

"Here's Cutbill again. I don't think I care for more Cutbill," said Bramleigh; "and here's Sedley; Sedley will keep. This is from Marion."

"Oh, let us hear Marion by all means," said Nelly. "May I read her, Gusty?" He nodded, and she broke the envelope. "Ten lines and a postscript. She's positively expansive this time:—

"VICTORIA, NAPLES.

"MY DEAR GUSTY,—Our discreet and delicate stepmother has written to ask me to intercede with you to permit M. Pracontal to pull down part of the house at Castello, to search for some family papers. I have replied that her demand is both impracticable and indecent. Be sure that you make a like answer if she addresses you personally. We mean to leave this soon; but are not yet certain in what direction. We have been shamefully treated, after having brought this troublesome and difficult negotiation to a successful end. We shall withdraw our proxy.

"Yours ever, in much affection,

"MARION CULDIFF.

"P. S.—You have heard, I suppose, that Culdiff has presented L'Estrange to a living. It's not in a hunting county, so that he will not be exposed to temptation; nor are there any idle young men, and Julia may also enjoy security. Do you know where they are?"



They laughed long and heartily over this postscript. Indeed, it amused them to such a degree that they forgot all the preceding part of the letter. As to the fact of the presentation, none believed it. Read by the light of Cutbill's former letter, it was plain enough that it was only one of those pious frauds which diplomacy deals in as largely as Popery. Marion, they were sure, supposed she was recording a fact; but her comments on the fact were what amused them most.

"I wonder am I a flirt?" said Julia, gravely.

"I wonder am I a vicar?" said George; and once more the laughter broke out fresh and hearty.

"Let us have Cutbill now, Nelly. It will be in a different strain. He's lengthy, too. He not only writes on four, but six sides of note-paper this time."

"DEAR BRAMLEIGH, — You will be astonished to hear that I travelled back to England with Count Pracontal, or Bramleigh de Pracontal, or whatever his name be — a right good fellow, frank, straightforward, and, so far as I see, honest. We hit it off wonderfully together, and became such good friends that I took him down to my little crib at Bayswater, — an attention, I suspect, not ill-timed, as he does not seem flush of money. He told me the whole story of his claim, and the way he came first to know that he had a claim. It was all discovered by a book, a sort of manuscript journal of his great grandfather's, every entry of which he, Pracontal, believes to be true as the Bible. He does not remember ever to have seen his father, though he may have done so before he was put to the Naval School at Genoa. Of his mother, he knows nothing. From all I have seen of him, I'd say that you and he have only to meet to become warm and attached friends; and it's a thousand pities you should leave to law and lawyers what a little forbearance, and a little patience, and a disposition to behave generously on each side might have settled at once and for ever.

"In this journal that I mentioned there were two pages gummed together, by accident or design, and on one of these was a sketch of a female figure in a great wreath of flowers, standing on a sort of pedestal, on which was written, — 'Behind this stone I have deposited books or documents.' I'm not sure of the exact words, for they were in Italian, and it was all I could do to master the meaning of the inscription. Now, Pracontal was so convinced that these papers have some great bearing on his claim,

that he asked me to write to you to beg permission to make a search for them under the painting at Castello, of which this rough sketch is evidently a study. I own to you I feel little of that confidence that he reposes in this matter. I do not believe in the existence of the papers, nor see how, if there were any, that they could be of consequence. But his mind was so full of it, and he was so persistent in saying, "If I thought this old journal could mislead me, I'd cease to believe my right to be as good as I now regard it," that I thought I could not do better, in your interest, than to take him with me to Sedley's to see what that shrewd old fox would say to him. P. agreed at once to go; and, what pleased me much, never thought of communicating with his lawyer nor asking his advice on the step.

"Though I took the precaution to call on Sedley, and tell him what sort of man P. was, and how prudent it would be to hear him with a show of frankness and cordiality, that hard old dog was as stern and as unbending as if he was dealing with a house-breaker. He said he had no instructions from you to make this concession; that, though he himself attached not the slightest importance to any paper that might be found, were he to be consulted, he would unquestionably refuse this permission; that Mr. Bramleigh knew his rights too well to be disposed to encourage persons in frivolous litigation; and that the coming trial would scatter these absurd pretensions to the winds, and convince M. Pracontal and his friends that it would be better to address himself seriously to the business of life than pass his existence in prosecuting a hopeless and impossible claim.

"I was much provoked at the sort of lecturing tone the old man assumed, and struck with astonishment at the good-temper and good-breeding with which the other took it. Only once he showed a slight touch of resentment, when he said, "Have a care, sir, that, while disparaging my pretensions, you suffer nothing to escape you that shall reflect on the honour of those who belong to me. I will overlook everything that relates to me. I will pardon nothing that insults *their* memory." This finished the interview, and we took our leave. "We have not gained much by this step," said Pracontal, laughing, as we left the house. "Will you now consent to write to Mr. Bramleigh, for I don't believe he would refuse my request?" I told him I would take a night to think over it, and on the same evening came a telegram from Ireland to say that some strange discoveries were just being made in the Lisconnor mine; that a most valuable "lode"

had been artificially closed up, and that a great fraud had been practised to depreciate the value of the mine, and throw it into the market as a damaged concern, while its real worth was considerable. They desired me to go over at once and report, and Pracontal, knowing that I should be only a few miles from Bishop's Folly, to which he clings with an attachment almost incredible, determined to accompany me.

"I have no means of even guessing how long I may be detained in Ireland—possibly some weeks; at all events let me have a line to say you will give me this permission. I say 'give me' because I shall strictly confine the investigation to the limits I myself think requisite, and in reality use the search as one means of testing what importance may attach to this journal, on which Pracontal relies so implicitly; and in the event of the failure—that I foresee and would risk a bet upon—I would employ the disappointment as a useful agent in dissuading Pracontal from farther pursuit.

"I strongly urge you, therefore, not to withhold this permission. It seems rash to say that a man ought to furnish his antagonist with a weapon to fight him; but you have always declared you want nothing but an honest, fair contest, wherein the best man should win. You have also said to me that you often doubted your own actual sincerity. You can test it now, and by a touchstone that cannot deceive. If you say to Pracontal, 'There's the key, go in freely; there is nothing to hide—nothing to fear,' you will do more to strengthen the ground you stand on than by all the eloquence of your lawyer; and if I know anything of this Frenchman, he is not the man to make an ill requital to such a generous confidence. Whatever you decide on, reply at once. I have no time for more, but will take my letter with me and add a line when I reach Ireland.

"LISCONNOR, Friday Night.

"They were quite right; there was a most audacious fraud concocted, and a few days will enable me to expose it thoroughly. I'm glad Lord Culduff had nothing to say to it, but more for your sake than his. The L'Estranges are safe; they'll have every shilling of their money, and with a premium too."

Nelly laid down the letter and looked over to where George and his sister sat, still and motionless. It was a moment of deep feeling and intense relief, but none could utter a word. At last Julia said,—

"What a deal of kindness there is in that man, and how hard we felt it to believe it, just because he was vulgar. I declare I believe we must be more vulgar still to attach so much to form and so little to fact."

"There is but one line more," said Nelly, turning over the page.

"Pracontal has lost all his spirits. He has been over to see a place belonging to a Mr. Longworth here, and has come back so sad and depressed as though the visit had renewed some great sorrow. We have not gone to Bishop's Folly yet, but mean to drive over there to-morrow. Once more, write to me.

"Yours ever,

"T. CUTBILL."

"I shall not give this permission," said Bramleigh, thoughtfully. "Sedley's opinion is decidedly averse, and I shall abide by it." Now, though he said these words with an air of apparent determination, he spoke in reality to provoke discussion and hear what others might say. None, however, spoke, and he waited some minutes. "I wish you would say if you agree with me," cried he at last.

"I suspect very few would give the permission," said Julia, "but that you are one of that few I believe also."

"Yes, Gusty," said Nelly. "Refuse it, and what becomes of that fair spirit in which you have so often said you desired to meet this issue?"

"What does George say?" asked Bramleigh. "Let's hear the Church."

"Well," said L'Estrange, in that hesitating, uncertain way he usually spoke in, "if a man were to say to me, 'I think I gave you a sovereign too much in change just now. Will you search your purse and see if I'm not right?' I suppose I'd do so."

"And of course you mean that if the restitution rose to giving back some thousands a year, it would be all the same?" said Julia.

"It would be harder to do, perhaps—of course; I mean—but I hope I could do it."

"And I," said Bramleigh, in a tone that vibrated with feeling, "I hoped a few days back that no test to my honesty or my sincerity would have been too much for me—that all I asked or cared for was that the truth should prevail—I find myself now prevaricating with myself, hair-splitting, and asking have I a right to do this, that, or t'other? I declare to heaven, when a man takes refuge in that self-put question, 'Have I the right to do something that inclination tells me not to do?' he is nearer a contemptible action than he knows of. And

is there not one here will say that I ought, or ought not, to refuse this request?"

"I do not suppose such a request was ever made before," said L'Estrange. "There lies the real difficulty of deciding what one should do."

"Here's a note from Mr. Sedley," cried Nelly. "Is it not possible that it may contain something that will guide us?"

"By all means read Sedley," said Bramleigh. And she opened and read:—

"DEAR SIR,—A Mr. Cutbill presented himself here last week, alleging he was an old and intimate friend of yours, and showing unquestionable signs of being well acquainted with your affairs. He was accompanied by M. Pracontal, and came to request permission to make searches at Castello for certain documents which he declared to be of great importance to the establishment of his claim. I will not stop to say what I thought, or indeed said, of such a proposal, exceeding in effrontery anything I had ever listened to.

"Of course I not only refused this permission, but declared I would immediately write to you, insisting on no account or through any persuasion to yield to it.

"They left me, and apparently so disconcerted and dissuaded by my reception that I did not consider it necessary to address you on the subject. To my amazement, however, I learn from Kelson this morning that they actually did gain entrance to the house, and by means which I have not yet ascertained prosecuted the search they desired, and actually discovered the church registers of Portshandon, in one page of which is the entry of the marriage of Montagu Bramleigh and Enrichetta Lami, with the name of the officiating clergyman and the attendant witnesses. Kelson forwards me the copy of this, while inviting me to inspect the original. My first step, however, has been to take measures to proceed against these persons for robbery; and I have sent over one of my clerks to Ireland to obtain due information as to the events that occurred, and to institute proceedings immediately. There can be no doubt as to the guilt of what they have done, and I shall push the case to its extreme consequences.

"The important fact, however, lies in this act of registration, which, however fraudulently obtained, will be formidable evidence on a trial. You are certainly not happy in your choice of friends, if this Mr. Cutbill be one of them, but I hope no false sentiment will induce you to step between this man and his just punishment. He has done you an irreparable mischief, and by means the

most shameful and inexcusable. I call the mischief irreparable, since, looking to the line of argument adopted by our leading counsel on the last trial, the case turned chiefly on the discredit that attached to this act of marriage. I cannot therefore exaggerate the mischief this discovery has brought us. You must come over at once. The delay incurred by letter writing, and the impossibility of profiting by any new turn events may take, renders your presence here essential, and without it I declare I cannot accept any further responsibility in this case.

"A very flippant note from Mr. Cutbill has just reached me. He narrates the fact of the discovered books, and says, 'It is not too late for B. to make terms. Send for him at once, and say that Count P. has no desire to push him to the wall.' It is very hard to stomach this man's impertinence, but I hesitate now as to what course to take regarding him. Let me hear by telegraph that you are coming over; for I repeat that I will not engage myself to assume the full responsibility of this case, or take any decisive step without your sanction."

"What could Cutbill mean by such conduct?" cried Nelly. "Do you understand it at all, Gusty?" Bramleigh merely shook his head in token of negative.

"It all came of the man's meddlesome disposition," said Julia. "The mischievous people of the world are not the malevolent—they only do harm with an object; but the meddling creatures are at it day and night, scattering seeds of trouble out of very idleness."

"Ju's right," said George; but in such a tone of habitual approval that set all the rest laughing.

"I need not discuss the question of permitting the search," said Bramleigh; "these gentlemen have saved me *that*. The only point now open is, shall I go over to England or not?"

"Go by all means," said Julia, eagerly. "Mr. Sedley's advice cannot be gainsayed."

"But it seems to me our case is lost," said he, as his eyes turned toward Nelly, whose face expressed deep sorrow.

"I fear so," said she, in a faint whisper.

"Then why ask me to leave this, and throw myself into a hopeless contest? Why am I to quit this spot, where I have found peace and contentment, to encounter the struggle that, even with all my conviction of failure, will still move me to hope and expectancy?"

"Just because a brave soldier fights even after defeat seems certain," said Julia. "More than one battle has been won from

those who had already despatched news of their victory."

"You may laugh at me, if you like," said L'Estrange, "but Julia is right there." And they did laugh, and the laughter was so far good that it relieved the terrible tension of their nerves, and rallied them back to ease and quietude.

"I see," said Bramleigh, "that you all think I ought to go over to England; and though none of you can know what it will cost me in feeling, I will go."

"There's a messenger from the Podestà of Cattaro waiting all this time, Gusty, to know about this English sailor they have arrested. The authorities desire to learn if you will take him off their hands."

"George is my vice-consul. He shall deal with him," said Bramleigh, laughing, "for as the steamer touches at two o'clock, I shall be run sharp to catch her. If any one will help me to pack, I'll be more than grateful."

"We'll do it in a committee of the whole house," said Julia, "for when a man's trunk is once corded, he never goes back of his journey."

#### CHAPTER LV.

##### THE PRISONER AT CATTARO.

So much occupied and interested were the little household of the villa in Bramleigh's departure—there were so many things to be done, so many things to be remembered—that L'Estrange never once thought of the messenger from the Maire, who still waited patiently for his answer.

"I declare," said Julia, "that poor man is still standing in the hall. For pity's sake, George, give him some answer, and send him away."

"But what is the answer to be, Ju? I have not the faintest notion of how these cases are dealt with."

"Let us look over what that great book of instructions says. I used to read a little of it every day when we came first, and I worried Mr. Bramleigh so completely with my superior knowledge that he carried it off, and hid it."

"Oh, I remember now. He told me he had left it at the consulate, for that you were positively driving him distracted with official details."

"How ungrateful men are! They never know what good 'nagging' does them. It is the stimulant that converts half the sluggish people in the world into reasonably active individuals."

"Perhaps we are occasionally over-stimulated," said George, drily.

"If so, it is by your own vanity. Men are spoiled by their fellow-men, and not by women. There now, you look very much puzzled at that paradox—as you'd like to call it—but go away an (think over it, and say this evening if I'm not right."

"Very likely you are," said he, in his indolent way; "but whether or not, you always beat me in a discussion."

"And this letter from the Podestà; who is to reply, or what is the letter to be?"

"Well," said he, after a pause, "I think of the two I'd rather speak bad Italian than write it. I'll go down and see the Podestà."

"There's zeal and activity," said Julia, laughing. "Never disparage the system of nagging after that. Poor George," said she, as she looked after him while he set out for Cattaro, "he'd have a stouter heart to ride at a six-foot wall than for the interview that is now before him."

"And yet," said Nelly, "it was only a moment ago you were talking to him about his vanity."

"And I might as well have talked about his wealth. But you'd spoil him, Nelly, if I wasn't here to prevent it. These indolent men get into the way of believing that languor and laziness are good temper, and as George is really a fine-hearted fellow, I'm angry when he falls back upon his lethargy for his character, instead of trusting as he could, and as he ought, to his good qualities."

Nelly blushed, but it was with pleasure. This praise of one she liked—liked even better than she herself knew—was intense enjoyment to her. Let us now turn to L'Estrange, who strolled along towards Cattaro—now stopping to gather the wild anemones which, in every splendid variety of colour, decked the sward—now loitering to gaze at the blue sea, which lay still and motionless at his feet. There was that voluptuous sense of languor in the silence—the loaded perfume of the air—the drowsy hum of insect life, the faint plash with which the sea, unstirred by wind, washed the shore—that harmonized to perfection with his own nature; and could he but have had Nelly at his side to taste the happiness with him, he would have deemed it exquisite, for, poor fellow, he was in love after his fashion. It was not an ardent impulsive passion, but it consumed him slowly and certainly, all the same. He knew well that his present life of indolence and inactivity could not, ought not, to continue—that without some prompt effort on his part his means of subsistence would be soon exhausted; but as the sleeper begs that he may be left to slumber on, and catch up, if

he may, the dream that has just been broken, he seemed to treat of Fate a little longer of the delicious trance in which he now was living. His failures in life had deepened in him that sense of humility which in coarse natures turns to misanthropy, but in men of finer mould makes them gentle, and submissive, and impressionable. His own humble opinion of himself deprived him of all hope of winning Nelly's affection, but he saw—or he thought he saw—in her that love of simple pleasures and of a life removed from all ambitions, that led him to believe she would not regard his pretensions with disdain. And then he felt that, thrown together into that closer intimacy their poverty had brought about, he had maintained towards her a studious deference and respect which had amounted almost to coldness, for he dreaded that she should think he would have adventured, in their fallen fortunes, on what he would never have dared in their high and palmy days.

"Well," said he, aloud, as he looked at the small fragment of an almost finished cigar, "I suppose it is nigh over now! I shall have to go and seek my fortune in Queensland, or New Zealand, or some far away country, and all I shall carry with me will be the memory of this dream—for it is a dream—of our life here. I wonder shall I ever, as I have seen other men, throw myself into my work, and efface the thought of myself, and of my own poor weak nature, in the higher interests that will press on me for action."

What should he do if men came to him for guidance, or counsel, or consolation? Could he play the hypocrite, and pretend to give what he had not got? or tell them to trust to what he bitterly knew was not the sustaining principle of his own life? "This shall be so no longer," cried he; "if I cannot go heart and soul into my work, I'll turn farmer or fisherman. I'll be what I can be without shame or self-reproach. One week more of this happiness—one week—and I vow to tear myself from it for ever."

As he thus muttered, he found himself in the narrow street that led into the centre of the little town, which, blocked up by fruit-stalls and fish-baskets, required all his address to navigate. The whole population, too, were screaming out their wares in the shrill cries of the South, and invitations to buy were blended with droll sarcasms on rival productions and jeering comments on the neighbours. Though full of deference for the unmistakable signs of gentleman in his appearance, they did not the less direct their appeals to him as he

passed, and the flatteries on his handsome face and graceful figure mingled with the praises of whatever they had to sell.

Half amused, but not a little flurried by all the noise and tumult around him, L'Estrange made his way through the crowd till he reached the dingy entrance which led to the still dingier stair of the Podestà's residence.

L'Estrange had scarcely prepared the speech in which he should announce himself as charged with consular functions, when he found himself in presence of a very dirty little man, with spectacles and a skull cap, whose profuse civilities and ceremonious courtesies actually overwhelmed him. He assured L'Estrange that there were no words in Italian—nor even in German, for he spoke both—which could express a fractional part of the affliction he experienced in enforcing measures that savoured of severity on a subject of that great nation which had so long been the faithful friend and ally of the imperial house. On this happy political union it was clear he had prepared himself historically, for he gave a rapid sketch of the first empire, and briefly threw off a spirited description of the disastrous consequences of the connection with France, and the passing estrangement from Great Britain. By this time, what between the difficulties of a foreign tongue, and a period with which the poor parson was not, historically, over conversant, he was completely mystified and bewildered. At last the great functionary condescended to become practical. He proceeded to narrate that an English sailor, who had been landed at Ragusa by some Greek coasting-vessel, had come over on foot to Cattaro to find his consul as a means of obtaining assistance to reach England. There were, however, suspicious circumstances about the man that warranted the police in arresting him and carrying him off to prison. First of all, he was very poor, almost in rags, and emaciated to a degree little short of starvation. These were signs that vouched little for a man's character; indeed, the Podestà thought them damaging in the last degree; but there were others still worse. There were marks on his wrists and ankles which showed he had lately worn manacles and fetters—unmistakable marks; marks which the practised eyes of gendarmes had declared must have been produced by the heavy chains worn by galley-slaves, so that the man was, without doubt, an escaped convict, and might be, in consequence, a very dangerous individual.

As the prisoner spoke neither Italian nor German there were no means of interrogat-



ing him. They had therefore limited themselves to taking him into custody, and now held him at the disposal of the consular authority, to deal with him as it might please.

"May I see him?" asked L'Estrange.

"By all means; he is here. We have had him brought from the prison awaiting your excellency's arrival. Perhaps you would like to have him handcuffed before he is introduced. The brigadier recommends it."

"No, no. If the poor creature be in the condition you tell me, he cannot be dangerous." And the stalwart curate threw a downward look at his own brawny proportions with a satisfied smile that did not show much fear.

The brigadier whispered something in the Podestà's ear in a low tone, and the great man then said aloud, — "He tells me that he could slip the handcuffs on him now quite easily, for the prisoner is sound asleep, and so overcome by fatigue that he hears nothing."

"No, no," reiterated L'Estrange. "Let us have no handcuffs; and with your good permission, too, I would ask another favour: let the poor fellow take his sleep out. It will be quite time enough for me to see him when he awakes."

The Podestà turned a look of mingled wonder and pity on the man who could show such palpable weakness in official life; but he evidently felt he could not risk his dignity by concurrence in such a line of conduct.

"If your excellency," said he, "tells me it is in this wise prisoners are treated in your country, I have no more to say."

"Well, well; let him be brought up," said L'Estrange, hastily, and more than ever anxious to get free of this Austrian Dogberry.

Nothing more was said on either side while the brigadier went down to bring up the prisoner. The half-darkened room, the stillness, the dreary ticking of a clock that made the silence more significant, all impressed L'Estrange with a mingled feeling of weariness and depression; and that strange melancholy that steals over men at times, when all the events of human life seem sad-coloured and dreary, now crept over him, when the shuffling sounds of feet, and the clanging of a heavy sabre, apprised him that the escort was approaching.

"We have no treaty with any of the Italian Governments," said the Maire, "for extradition; and if the man be a galley-slave, as we suspect, we throw all the responsibility of his case on you." As he spoke, the door opened, and a young man with a blue flannel shirt and linen trowsers

entered, freeing himself from the hands of the gendarmes with a loose shake, as though to say, "In presence of my countryman in authority, I owe no submission to these." He leaned on the massive rail that formed a sort of barrier in the room, and with one hand pushed back the long hair that fell heavily over his face.

"What account do you give of yourself, my man?" said L'Estrange, in a tone half-commanding, half-encouraging.

"I have come here to ask my consul to send me on to England, or to some seaport where I may find a British vessel," said the man, and his voice was husky and weak, like that of one just out of illness.

"How did you come to these parts?" asked L'Estrange.

"I was picked up at sea by a Greek trabaccolo, and landed at Antivari; the rest of the way I came on foot."

"Were you cast away? or how came it that you were picked up?"

"I made my escape from the Bagni at Ischia. I had been a galley-slave there." The bold effrontery of the declaration was made still more startling by a sort of low laugh which followed his words.

"You seem to think it a light matter to have been at the galleys, my friend," said L'Estrange, half reprovingly. "How did it happen that an Englishman should be in such a discreditable position?"

"It's a long story — too long for a hungry man to tell," said the sailor; "perhaps too long for your own patience to listen to. At all events, it has no bearing on my present condition."

"I'm not so sure of that, my good fellow. Men are seldom sentenced to the galleys for light offences; and I'd like to know something of the man I'm called on to befriend."

"I make you the same answer I gave before, — the story would take more time than I have well strength for. Do you know," said he, earnestly, and in a voice of touching significance, "it is twenty-eight hours since I have tasted food?"

L'Estrange leaned forward in his chair, like one expecting to hear more, and eager to catch the words aright; and then rising, walked over to the rail where the prisoner stood. "You have not told me your name," said he, in a voice of kindly meaning.

"I have been called Sam Rogers for some time back; and I mean to be Sam Rogers a little longer."

"But it is not your real name?" asked L'Estrange, eagerly.

The other made no reply for some seconds; and then moving his hand carelessly

through his hair, said, in a half reckless way, "I declare, sir, I can't see what you have to do with my name, whether I be Sam Rogers, or—or—anything else I choose to call myself. To you—I believe, at least—to you I am simply a distressed British sailor."

"And you are Jack Bramleigh?" said L'Estrange, in a low tone, scarcely above a whisper, while he grasped the sailor's hands, and shook them warmly.

"And who are you?" said Jack, in a voice shaken and faltering.

"Don't you know me, my poor dear fellow? Don't you remember George L'Estrange?"

What between emotion and debility, this surprise unmanned him so that he staggered back a couple of paces, and sank down heavily, not fainting, but too weak to stand, too much overcome to utter.

From Temple Bar.

### THE CONJUROR'S CALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD."

A LOG behind the roaring bars—  
Before them sat John Horn,  
As long and strong and red as Mars—  
A burly man of corn.

He filled another tankard-full,  
And fired another pipe:  
The north-wind bellowed like a bull  
Clutched in a lion's gripe.

The snow-storm, all about the grange,  
Beat fiercely in the dark.  
"Blow on—snow on! Don't chop and change!"  
John's voice was like a bark.

"Blow on—snow on, in squall and gust!  
Thunder, and frighten Jane!  
Mine has been usage of the worst  
That ever gave man pain.

"Blow on—snow on! She can't forget  
The times we've been together.  
Smite on, with raging wind and wet,  
Disastrous winter-weather!

"Tumble that barn and pigeon-loft—  
Blast all those trees a-growing;  
And blow her into something soft,  
And then—give over blowing!"

So spake John Horn in fume and wrath,  
Accosting winds unruly;  
And then he blew his tankard-froth,  
And whiffed away more coolly.

A tap upon the pane,  
A rattling at the door—  
John Horn undid the chain,  
And in came wind and roar;  
And one all battered and white,  
Stamping out of the storm:

"Farmer, an ugly night!  
Stand us a bit of a warm.  
This man's lost in valley and wold,  
And it is bitterly, beastly cold!"

"Come in!" said the great red host:  
"Sit down, and toast your shins.  
World's all white as a ghost,  
Wind's like needles and pins.

"Yonder's a pipe and a jug,  
Also a homebake and bacon;  
Then make a bed o' the rug;  
A better one never was shaken.

"My stars! what a comical hat!  
Odds bobs, but you've found the mad hatter!  
And why's your coat made of a mat—  
Or else what's it got that's the matter?

"And what makes you blink like a cat,  
And stuff your great toes in the fire?  
I'm darned if I know what you're at—  
And that's just the short of it, squire!"

"This is a Conjuror, John Horn,"  
That weird old man did say.  
"He cannot wait for morrow-morn;  
He must be leagues away.  
Ninety-and-nine he hath to go,  
Ere you shall hear your Dorkings crow.

"His hat that, in irreverent tone,  
You talk about as comical,  
Moulded upon a load-stone cone,  
Is absolutely conical.

"His coat was once a famous fit,  
For flame or frost adjustable.  
His toes, I s'pose, are gone to grit;  
You see they're incombustible.

"Comè, wake up straight, and poke the grate;  
He's beastly cold, Horn John!  
He's lame and old and out of gait—  
But on—he must jog on!"

John rubbed and mentioned both his eyes !

"I tell you what, my hearty, —  
The Rule-o'-Three's a fool," says he,  
"To you — you old Third party."

"But if you're bound, my boy, to march  
Through all this blow and snow,  
I'll brew you something that'll starch  
Your backbone as you go !"

His great match-tankard John brought out,  
And, with a jovial hum,  
He mixed and gaily stirred about  
The lemon, loaf, and rum.

"Now, Crinky-cranky ! take your pull,"  
He cried, and passed the flagon ;  
"T will make you frisky as a bull,  
And fit to haul a waggon !"

The silver bowl the Conjuror took,  
And opened his mouth wide,  
And poured it, like a boiling brook,  
Straight into his inside.

"Hurrah, John Horn ! you jolly dog !  
Here's ten ton off this back.  
Was ever such a pound of grog !  
Shake hands. How are you, Jack ?"

"He's going — going. Almost gone.  
Your door will soon be shut on him.  
Now, will you put his hat on, John,  
And stand him up and button him ?

"That's nicely ; thank you. Off he goes.  
He'll see his way pre-sently.  
Perhaps, John, you could point his nose,  
And push him — rather gently.

"O bless him, stop ! John, ha'n't you got  
Some wish that wants fulfilling ?  
Out with it, John, upon the spot :  
You'll find this Conjuror willing.

"He don't forget he's in your debt  
For kindness most particular.  
Now, don't you start him, John, just yet ;  
But hold him perpendicular."

John winced and grinned a sheepish grin,  
And blushed like any butcher.  
"My sweetheart's bin and took me in —  
I mean, won't let me touch her.

"If you could set us fair and square ;  
And start us once more courtin',  
I'm blessed," said John, with liberal air,  
"If I don't make your fortun' !"

"He'll see to all you mention, John.  
'Fore long that girl you'll dandle.  
He's glad you're walking same way, John —  
'Cause you can car' the candle.

"These canny folk can put a spoke  
In other people's wheels ;  
Though round the world they poke and croak,  
Themselves with empty creels.

"Now, John, one little tiny nudge,  
And off we go, together" —  
And off, the Conjuror went a-trudge,  
Alone in the wild weather.  
John heard his cries all over the wold :  
"Isn't he bitterly, beastly cold ?"

At break of morn strode forth John Horn,  
Amid a world of snow :  
He walked about his farm forlorn ;  
He heard his Dorkings crow.

Of sheep and kine, and ducks and swine,  
Came gloomy revelations :  
Last night had taken all the shine  
Off several calculations.

He walked as one who doubts and dreams,  
In puzzle and in pain ;  
Till, down among the frozen streams,  
He suddenly met Jane !

She didn't speak — she didn't stir —  
All in white satin sneezing —  
While Fahrenheit's thermometer  
Stood inches under "freezing."

"Good gracious, Jane ! what freak insane  
Has brought you from your mother's ?  
I've nine pigs nipped in yonder lane,  
And you'll be like the others !

"Your eyes are pink — your cheeks are blue —  
You aren't in proper clothes :  
You've got the influenza, too —  
And a raspberry on your nose !"

Jane's face was crisping far too fast  
For either pout or simper ;  
But fluttered from her lips at last  
A little chilly whimper :

"Dear John," she said, "I've been quite wrong  
To keep you waiting this ever-so-long.  
Come ! wrap me quick in your cloak's great  
fold :  
It is so bitterly, beastly cold !"

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

#### THE CULTURE OF EMERSON.\*

It is now nearly forty years since there stood for the first time in a Boston pulpit, a young preacher, just graduated from Divinity College, Cambridge, with a reputation for ability. A gentleman who heard one of his earliest sermons told me that the solemnity of his manner, and the earnest thought pervading the discourse, had left an ineffaceable impression on his mind. The text of the sermon was 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' The main emphasis was on the word 'own,' and the general theme was that to every man the great end of existence was the preservation and culture of his individual mind and character. Each man must be saved by his own inward redeemer; and the whole world was for each but a plastic material through which the individual spirit was to realise itself. Aspiration and thought became clear and real only by action and life. If knowledge led not to action it passed away. 'The last thing,' said my informant, 'that any of us who heard him would have predicted for the youth whose quiet simplicity and piety captivated all, was that he would become the religious revolutionist of America.' And, indeed, so quietly did the religious forms slip away from Emerson, it was only with considerable difficulty he was able to persuade his congregation that he was not properly representative of their faith and worship. When he announced that he could no longer administer to them the bread and wine of the communion, they were quite inclined to think that it was somehow all right; and when this step was presently followed by his resignation, his congregation, then as now one of the most conservative in Massachusetts, felt the deepest grief at the separation. No heretic ever seemed so little of a heretic. When Theodore Parker began his assault upon doctrines still held sacred by Unitarians, he bore about all the theological javelins of New England during the first month; but Emerson, with far more sweeping heresies, was followed to his ancestral home at Concord, on his retirement from the ministry, by the devotion of his former friends, which, indeed, he has not lost to this day.

\* In a former number of this Magazine (No. 449, May, 1867), [*Living Age* No. 1200], the writer of the following article gave some account of the recent productions and present influence in America of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The present paper refers to early and not generally accessible writings of the same author, which it is believed the English reader will find interesting in themselves, and valuable as illustrating, to some extent, the history of a mind that has exerted a very important influence upon the intellectual character of the present generation.

This difference was due to the fact that while Parker went about as an iconoclast, breaking with his hammer the fairest idols and strewing the floors of churches and homes with their fragments, Emerson bore to them a Promethean warmth under which they were suffused with life and transformed to a new beauty. As Swedenborg made a dictionary of correspondences for the names and words of the Bible, Emerson found a second sense for Puritan beliefs. He looked upon human creeds with the same calmness as upon crystals, flowers, and weeds; they were to him all genuine products of nature; and as a religious naturalist his instinct led him to develop, recombine, transmute, but not — in those days at least — to destroy. He was never really alienated from the faith of his fathers; and felt that when his mind expanded to its flower, albeit so different from any that the same stem had borne before, there was a corresponding movement of the roots deeper into the Puritan soil from which he had grown. For every hard Puritan dogma he unfolded a fragrant tinted petal of thought. He lost nothing, but raised up all to the last day. This was, I take it, the reason why the average religious sentiment of New England was never really alienated from Emerson; he seemed to be giving a consummate statement of fundamental beliefs, a prophet of true lineage announcing the fulfilment of every jot and tittle of the faith delivered to the Puritans.

The popular instinct certainly told true in this. Puritanism is the basis of the culture of Emerson. There was, however, the Puritanism of Cromwell, and the Puritanism of Milton: the theological representative of the former was Theodore Parker; but the Puritanism out of which Emerson grew was that of Milton. An unspeakable awe-stricken reverence for virtue and wisdom; a spirit ever kneeling before the Universe as the transcendent temple of goodness and truth; a horror at the thought of raising private interests before eternal principles and laws; a faith not to be argued with, absolute, in personal righteousness as the primary condition of all worth, involving a sense of corruption in all qualities however brilliant which have not that foundation; these, though coarsely invested, were the essential elements of that Puritanism which in Milton saw the earth and sky aflame with cherubim, and coined winds and seas into anthems of adoration. In the course of two centuries Puritanism had, in the hands of the common people, been moulded and hardened into a grim unlovely dungeon. Abandon it, said Channing; Destroy it ut-

terly, said Parker; but Emerson said, Be not afraid, this also is penetrable to the Spirit: and he led the way beyond the dark mouth of the old cavern to tinted halls and fairy grottos, repeating mystically the foliations and clusters of the bright world without.

The general public knows Emerson only by the works which he has collected and published in volumes. These works, however, are all of them the productions of his later life, and are so far removed from anything theological or puritanical that their reader might easily imagine the author to be an eccentricity in New England rather than its most genuine representative. There are, however, scattered through the pages of old magazines, and preserved by the care of his first admirers, earlier writings and utterances of Emerson's in which interesting traces of his intellectual growth are observable; and from some of these which I have been able to collect I have been chiefly struck with the absence of the ordinary tone of the Unitarian movement under which he was trained. His growth was spontaneous, without violence, not a reaction but a reverential expansion of both mind and emotion. It was impossible to meet with reproaches one who spoke thus for example of the Bible:

The Bible is the most original book in the world. This old collection of the ejaculations of love and dread, of the supreme desires and contritions of men, proceeding out of the region of the grand and eternal, by whatsoever different mouths spoken, and through a wide extent of times and countries, seems, especially if you add to our canon the kindred sacred writings of the Hindoos, Persians, and Greeks, the alphabet of the nations. People imagine that the place which the Bible holds in the world it owes to miracles. It owes it simply to the fact that it came out of a profounder depth of thought than any other book, and the effect must be precisely proportionate. Gibbon fancied that it was combinations of circumstances that gave Christianity its place in history. But in nature it takes an ounce to balance an ounce.

While the humblest of his hearers could not fail to be touched by language uttered in this tone, whatever its tendency, the most advanced were taught and satisfied.

You question me [wrote Margaret Fuller to a friend] as to the nature of the benefits conferred upon me by Mr. E.'s preaching. I answer that his influence has been more beneficial to me than that of any American, and that from him I first learned what is meant by an inward life. Many other springs have since fed the stream of living waters, but he first opened the fountain. That the 'mind is its own place' was a dead phrase

to me, till he cast light upon my mind. Several of his sermons stand apart in my memory, like landmarks of my spiritual history. It would take a volume to tell what this one influence did for me, but perhaps I shall some time see that it was best for me to be forced to help myself.

The loss of his first wife — a woman lovely and beautiful in character, mind, and person — soon after their marriage, served, no doubt, to heighten for Emerson the more serious problems of existence at this period of transition. Certainly the reminiscences which we have of that time seem to refer to one who stood before the people as on a shining summit, under whose radiance the common creeds and aims seemed deformed into idols. And the impression was not different when he spoke in the Lyceum instead of the church. The Hon. Horace Mann, the founder of the educational system in New England in its present form, wrote in a kind of ecstasy concerning a lecture which he heard from him in 1836:

Mr. Emerson, I am sure, must be perpetually discovering richer worlds than those of Columbus or Herschel. He explores too, not in the scanty and barren region of our physical firmament, but in a spiritual firmament of illimitable extent and compacted of treasures. I heard his lecture last evening. It was to human life what Newton's *Principia* was to mathematics. He showed me what I have long thought of so much: how much more can be accomplished by taking a true view than by great intellectual energy. Had Mr. Emerson been set down in a wrong place, it may be doubted whether he would ever have found his way to the right point of view; but that he now certainly has done. As a man stationed in the sun would see all the planets moving around it in one direction and in perfect harmony, while to an eye on the earth their motions are full of crossings and retrogradations, so he, from his central position in the spiritual world, discovers order and harmony where others can discern only confusion and irregularity. His lecture last evening was one of the most splendid manifestations of a truth-seeking and truth-developing mind I ever heard. Dr. Walter Channing, who sat beside me, said it made his head ache. Though his language was transparent, yet it was almost impossible to catch the great beauty and proportions of one truth before another was presented.

There are also, about the same time, some indications of austerity. In some notes of a lecture before students (1837), he is reported thus:

He condensed the commandments, as it regards young men, into two: 'sit alone' and 'keep a journal.' Have a room by yourself; and, if you cannot without, sell your coat and sit in a blanket.



Having left the pulpit, Emerson repaired to his ancestral home in Concord, where he for some time gave himself up to solitude and study. When the pilgrims of the Mayflower sailed for New England, they left Shakespeare behind, and it was many years before any copy of the works of that profane play-writer followed them. To this day, the religiously trained youth of New England reaches his Shakespeare very slowly. Since his mind had awakened, Emerson, the descendant of seven generations of ministers, had studied chiefly Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and other things more or less related to the theological career. At Concord, he for the first time fairly entered the congenial realms of general literature and philosophy. Never did a student have a fairer opportunity for retiring into himself, and silently mastering the secrets of the work which he was beginning to see beckoning to him. A brief note from Hawthorne's private journal gives us a pleasant glimpse of the life Emerson was living, and his relations with the friends who were already at his side, among whom Margaret Fuller was already exerting a fine influence on his mind.

I took a walk yesterday to Mr. Emerson's with a book which Margaret had left after a call on Saturday evening. Alas for the summer! The grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers are abundant along the margin of the river, and in the hedge-rows, and deep among the woods; the days too are as fervid as they were a month ago; and yet in every breath of wind, and in every gleam of sunshine, there is an autumnal influence. There is no other feeling like that caused by the faint, doubtful, yet real perception, or rather prophecy, of the year's decay, so deliciously sweet and sad at the same time. Entering Sleepy Hollow, I perceived a lady reclining near the path which bends along its verge. It was Margaret herself. She had been there the whole afternoon, meditating or reading; for she had a book in her hand, with some strange title, which I did not understand, and have forgotten. She said that nobody had broken her solitude, and was just giving utterance to a theory that no inhabitant of Concord ever visited Sleepy Hollow, when we saw a group of people entering the sacred precincts. Most of them followed a path which led them away from us; but an old man passed near us, and smiled to see Margaret reclining on the ground, and me sitting by her side. He made some remark about the beauty of the afternoon, and withdrew himself into the shadow of the wood. There we talked about autumn; and about the pleasures of being lost in the woods; and about the crows whose voices Margaret had heard; and about the experiences of early childhood, whose influence remains upon the charac-

ter when the recollection of them has passed away; and about the sight of mountains from a distance, and the view from their summits; and about other matters of high and low philosophy. In the midst of our talk we heard foot-steps above us, on the high bank; and while the person was still hidden among the trees he called to Margaret, of whom he had gotten a glimpse. Then he emerged from the green shade, and behold! it was Mr. Emerson. He appeared to have had a pleasant time; for he said that there were muses in the woods to-day, and whispers to be heard in the breezes. There was the most beautiful moonlight that ever hallowed this earthly world; and when I went to bathe in the river, which was as calm as death, it seemed like plunging down into the sky. But I had rather be on earth than in the seventh heaven just now.

In the quiet old village of Concord, thus embowered, his own came unto him. As yet, only those who held spiritual divining-rods found him out. Shy as he has always been of alluding to his contemporaries, he has left on record his estimates of 'the heroic heart, the learning and wit of Theodore Parker;' of George Ripley, now literary editor of the *New York Tribune*, 'an accurate scholar, a man of character, and of eminent powers of conversation;' of Thoreau, 'a soul made for the noblest society;' of the fine genius of Ellery Channing, the poet, William Henry Channing, the eloquent preacher of transcendentalism, of Nathaniel Hawthorne; of several ladies of high artistic excellence and literary culture, and particularly Miss Elizabeth Peabody, 'who by her constitutional hospitality to excellence, whether mental or moral, has made her modest abode for so many years the inevitable resort of studious feet, and a private theatre for the exposition of every question of letters, of philosophy, of ethics, and of art.' Concord, for some years after Emerson had gone thither, seemed to realise the original idea of a university, when seven hundred years ago—as Mr. Carlyle reminded us in his Edinburgh address—students flocked to hear from Abelard and others what could not as yet be obtained from books. In those days the doctrines of Emerson could only be known from his voice. But if he gave much, he received much also, in part directly from the so variously gifted friends that surrounded him; but still more indirectly, because of the development his thought acquired by being stated, and through the purifying influence of conversation. The later afternoon and evening were allotted to his friends; the morning was sacred to study and thought.

He seems to have gone very thoroughly into old English books, from Chaucer to Sir Thomas Browne and Burton, but seems to

have valued highly only a few of the earliest of these, and does not hesitate to speak of his reading of such as an 'idle habit.' The fact is, he went among these venerable ones, like the man with the touchstone in Allingham's poem:

Of heir-loom jewels, prized so much,  
Were many changed to chips and clods,  
And even statues of the gods  
Crumbled beneath its touch.

The nature of his touchstone he has himself described:

There is no better illustration of the laws by which the world is governed than literature. There is no luck in it. It proceeds by fate. Every scripture is given by the inspiration of God. Every composition proceeds out of a greater or less depth of thought, and this is the measure of its effect. . . . Let us not forget the genial miraculous force we have known to proceed from a book. We go musing into the vault of day and night; no constellation shines, no muse descends, the stars are white points, the roses brick-coloured leaves, and frogs pipe, mice cheep, and wagons creak along the road. We return to the house and take up Plutarch or Augustine; and lo! the air swarms with life; the front of heaven is full of fiery shapes; secrets of magnanimity and grandeur invite us on every hand; life is made up of them.

The chief thing he seems to have learned from the philosophers of the past, is the characteristics of the best thought of his own time—namely, its realism and tendency to scientific statement. The old wives' prescriptions of spiders' legs and amulets recommended for divers maladies by Lord Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne, the ærial devils with which Burton declares the air to be swarming, of these and other cobwebs, he sees the age of science sweeping the world clear. The schoolboys of to-day cannot conceive how their fathers were content with their pin-hole views of the universe. Nevertheless, he has already learned—

What a dusty answer gets the soul  
When hot for certainties in this our life!

Christendom has now become a vast reading-room, and its library is chiefly remarkable for its miscellaneous character. Every hope, fear, folly, whim, has its organ.

It prints a vast carcass of tradition every year with as much solemnity as a new revelation. Along with these it vents books that breathe of new mornings, that seem to heave with the life of millions, books for which men and women peak and pine; books which take the rose out of the cheek of him that wrote them, and give him to the midnight a sad, solitary, diseased

man; which leave no man where they found him, but make him better or worse; and which work dubiously on society, and seem to inoculate it with a venom before any healthy result appears.

The favourable side of this research and love of facts is the bold and systematic criticism which has appeared in every department of literature. From Wolf's attack upon the authenticity of the Homeric poems, dates a new epoch of learning. Ancient history has been found to be not yet settled. It is to be subjected to common sense. It is to be cross-examined. It is to be seen whether its traditions will consist, not with universal belief, but with universal experience. Niebuhr has sifted Roman History by the like methods. Heeren has made good essays toward ascertaining the necessary facts in the Grecian, Persian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Ethiopic, Carthaginian nations. English history has been analysed by Turner, Hallam, Brodie, Palgrave. Goethe has gone the circuit of human knowledge, as Lord Bacon did before him, writing true or false on every article. Bentham has attempted the same scrutiny in reference to civil law. Pestalozzi, out of a deep love, undertook the reform of education. The ambition of Coleridge in England embraced the whole problem of philosophy; to find, that is, a foundation in thought for everything that existed in fact. The German philosophers Schelling, Kant, Fichte, have applied their analysis to nature and thought with unique boldness. There can be no honest inquiry which is not better than acquiescence. Inquiries which once looked grave and vital, no doubt, change their appearance very fast, and come to look frivolous beside the later queries to which they give occasion. This sceptical activity, at first directed on circumstances and historical views deemed of great importance, soon penetrated deeper than Rome or Egypt, than history or institutions, or the vocabulary of metaphysics, namely, into the thinker himself, and into every function he exercises. The poetry and the speculation of the age are marked by a certain philosophic turn which discriminates them from the works of earlier times. The poet is not content to see how 'fair hangs the apple from the rock,' 'what music a sunbeam awoke in the woods,' nor of Hardiknute, how 'stately steppes he east the way, and stately steppes he west,' but he now revolves, What is the apple to me? and what the birds to me? and what is Hardiknute to me? and what am I?

Through all this, it is felt that the writer is not one of the sceptical phalanx in whose work he rejoices. There is the undertone in it of a man who holds some affirmation for which the way must be cleared. He does not love the transitional, but finds a promise, at least a possibility, in the motion of a fairer repose in the end. And it seems to me undeniable that the impression which Emerson has made upon his age is mainly due to his great convictions. His

idealism rises like a rock, almost alone amid the waves of misgiving and doubt, which in these days have covered nearly all others. Utilitarianism, materialism—these he has noted as they have come, seeing in them shadows pointing to his sun. From first to last, he has never by any sentence compromised his faith in the idealistic philosophy.

I find from these early papers, as compared with his collected writings, that Emerson's mind passed through forms of conception somewhat similar to those which Comte mapped out as the three stages of the march of the general human mind; only his theology was changed to a very poetical kind of metaphysics, and this in turn to a spiritual positivism that is almost a literal translation from the materialistic philosophy of the French teacher. Those who have read his essays carefully will understand me when I say that the key-note of nearly all of them is in the first sentence of his first series—'There is one mind common to all individual men.' From this point of view he finds 'history' to be a vast expression of the powers and passions of any individual's heart and brain; 'self-reliance,' to be self-surrender and the living for others; and the 'over-soul,' that unity within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other. The essay on the 'Over-Soul' is the fullest expression which this central idea of his philosophy has reached. I have never felt satisfied with the finding of many of Emerson's critics that he is indebted to Hegel for this idea, for it has seemed to me to have the same genesis with American Unitarianism and Universalism, which are legitimate—albeit disowned—children of Puritanism. And I have been confirmed in this belief by finding this 'over-soul' at first generalised by him as 'the feeling of the infinite,' a semi-theological phrase which, however, at once passes into semi-philosophic statement.

Another element of the modern poetry, akin to this subjective tendency, or rather the direction of that same on the question of resources, is the Feeling of the Infinite. Of the perception now becoming a conscious fact,—that there is One Mind, and that all the powers and privileges which lie in any, lie in all; that I as a man may claim and appropriate whatever of true or fair or good or strong has anywhere been exhibited; that Moses and Confucius, Montaigne and Leibnitz, are not so much individuals as they are parts of man and parts of me, and my intelligence proves them my own,—literature is far the best expression.

The reader will readily perceive that this

'feeling of the infinite' is essentially one with that 'depth of thought,' from which every scripture, as it more or less comes, is more or less immortal, already described as the touchstone with which Emerson went among the great names of literature. He finds in it, indeed, the dawn of a coming literature, and estimates the writers of the past according to some gleam caught by them here and there of this ascending glory:

Scott and Crabbe, who formed themselves on the past, had none of this tendency; their poetry is objective. In Byron on the other hand it predominates; but in Byron it is blind, it sees not its true end—an infinite good, alive and beautiful, a life nourished on absolute beatitudes, descending into nature to behold itself reflected there. His will is perverted, he worships the accidents of society, and his praise of nature is thieving and selfish. . . . Shelley, though a poetic mind, is never a poet. His muse is uniformly imitative, all his poems composite. A good English scholar he is, with ear, taste, and memory; much more he is a character full of noble and prophetic traits; but imagination, the original authentic fire of the bard, he has not.

The poet, by Emerson's estimate, was he who stood at the shining point where all things converge to One. Fancy may deal with fragments of the universe, and invest them with fine conceits; but the imagination is conversant with the whole, and sees truth in universal relations. The poet attained by insight the goal to which all other knowledge is finding its way, step by step, and has anticipated Buffon's declaration, 'there is but one animal,' and Faraday's faith that in the end there will be found but one element with two polarities. The globule of blood and the rolling planet are one; and a little heat more or less makes of a bit of jelly a fish or a human brain. The poet was therefore necessarily a pantheist, and it was only because his pantheism was too theological and intellectual that he could not recognise the 'authentic fire' in Shelley. In Wordsworth, with whom pantheism was unconscious, overpowering his intellectual beliefs—a feeling rather than a philosophy—he recognised the true poet of the age; and to this day he alludes to him in his lectures as 'the great modern poet.' It is not wonderful that the poet of Rydal Mount should have been the chosen companion of those dreamy walks through the vales around Concord, quiet enough to be called Sleepy Hollows, at a time when the young seer's mind was burgeoning forth towards its spring. Of him he wrote thus:

The fame of Wordsworth is a leading fact in modern literature, when it is considered how

hostile his genius at first seemed to the reigning taste, and with what feeble talent his great and growing dominion has been established. More than any poet his success has been not his own, but that of the idea which he shared with his coevals, and which he has rarely succeeded in adequately expressing. The *Excursion* awakened in every lover of Nature the right feeling. We saw stars shine, we felt the awe of mountains, we heard the rustle of the wind in the grass, and knew again the ineffable secret of solitude. It was a great joy. It was nearer to nature than anything we had before. But the interest of the poem ended almost with the narrative of the influences of Nature on the mind of the Boy, in the first book.

The exhaustive unity which dominated all this purely poetical phase of Emerson's culture found a happy expression in his philosophisings concerning art. Here also he begins with a statement of the law of identity—a theme of which no other writer has furnished so many and such exquisite variations. Trade, politics, letters, science, religion, art, are the rays of one sun; they translate each other's laws into new languages. The law as it appears in art is this: the Universal Soul is the alone creator of the useful and the beautiful; therefore, to make anything useful or beautiful, the individual must be submitted to the universal mind. He speaks first of the omnipotence of nature in the useful arts:

It was said, in allusion to the great structures of the ancient Romans,—the aqueducts and bridges,—that their 'art was Nature working to municipal ends.' That is a true account of all just works of useful art. Smeaton built Eddystone lighthouse on the model of an oak tree, as being the form in nature best designed to resist a constant assailing force. Dollond formed his achromatic telescope on the model of a human eye. Duhamel built a bridge by letting in a piece of stronger timber for the middle of the under surface, getting his hint from the structure of the shin-bone. . . . The first and last lesson of the useful arts is that Nature tyrannises over our works. They must be conformed to her law, or they will be ground to powder by her present activity. Nothing droll, nothing whimsical will endure. Nature is ever interfering with art. You cannot build your house or pagoda as you will, but as you must. There is a quick bound set to our caprice. The leaning tower can only lean so far. The verandah or pagoda roof can curve upward only to a certain point. The slope of your roof is determined by the weight of snow. It is only within narrow limits that the discretion of the architect may range. Gravity, wind, sun, rain, the size of men and animals, and such like, have more to say than he. It is the law of fluids that prescribes the shape of the boat,—keel, rudder, and

bows,—and in the finer fluid above, the form and tackle of the sails. Man seems to have no option about his tools, but merely the necessity to learn from Nature what will fit best, as if he were fitting a screw or a door. Beneath a necessity thus almighty, what is artificial in man's life seems insignificant. He seems to take his task so minutely from the intimations of Nature, that his works become, as it were, hers, and he is no longer free.

But if we work within this limit, she yields us all her strength. All powerful action is performed by bringing the forces of nature to bear upon our objects. We do not grind corn, or lift the loom by our own strength; but we build a mill in such a position as to set the north wind to play upon our instrument, or the elastic force of steam, or the ebb and flow of the sea. So in our handiwork, we do few things by muscular force, but we place ourselves in such attitudes as to bring the force of gravity, that is, the weight of the planet, to bear upon the spade or the axe we wield.

The same law our author finds prevailing over the intellectual worker in the fine arts:

So much as we can shove aside our egotism, our prejudice, and will, and bring the omniscience of reason upon the subject before us, so perfect is the work. . . . A masterpiece of art has in the mind a fixed place in the chain of being, as much as a plant or a crystal. . . . There is but one Reason. The mind that made the world is not one mind, but *the* mind. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. And every work of art is a more or less pure manifestation of the same. Therefore we arrive at this conclusion, which I offer as a confirmation of the whole view: That the delight which a work of art affords seems to arise from our recognising in it the mind that formed Nature again in active operation. . . . Arising out of eternal reason, one and perfect, whatever is beautiful rests on the foundation of the necessary. . . . In the mind of the artist, could we enter there, we should see the sufficient reason for the last flourish and tendril of his work, just as every tint and spine in the sea-shell pre-exists in the secreting organs of the fish.

After illustrating the subject by the discovered origin of the Doric, Gothic, and other architectures in the characteristics of nature as surrounding the peoples among whom they arose, the essay concludes with these pregnant thoughts:

This strict dependence of art upon material and ideal nature, this adamant necessity, which it underlies, has made all its past and may foreshow its future history. It never was in the power of any man, or any community, to call the arts into being. They come to serve his actual wants, never to please his fancy. These arts have their origin always in some enthusi-



asm, as love, patriotism, or religion. Who carved marble? The believing man, who wished to symbolise their gods to the waiting Greeks. The Gothic cathedrals were built when the builder and the priest and the people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear laid every stone. The Madonnas of Raphael and Titian were made to be worshipped. Tragedy was instituted for the like purpose, and the miracles of music; — all sprang out of some genuine enthusiasm, and never out of dilettantism and holidays. But now they languish because their purpose is merely exhibition. Who cares, who knows what works of art our Government have ordered to be made for the Capitol? They are a mere flourish to please the eye of persons who have associations with books and galleries. But in Greece, the demos of Athens divided into political factions upon the merits of Phidias.

In this country, at this time, other interests than religion and patriotism are predominant, and the arts, the daughters of enthusiasm, do not flourish. The genuine offspring of our ruling passions we behold. Popular institutions, the school, the reading-room, the post office, the exchange, the insurance company, and an immense harvest of economical inventions, are the fruit of the equality and the boundless liberty of lucrative callings. These are superficial wants; and their fruits are these superficial institutions. But as far as they accelerated the end of political freedom and national education, they are preparing the soil of man for fairer flowers and fruits in another age. For beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the breast of man; they are as indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany, or the Isles of Greece. And that Eternal Spirit, whose triple face they are, moulds from them for ever, for his mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair.

For many years after he had left the pulpit, and entered upon the study of philosophy and poetry, Emerson was almost untouched by the distinctively literary spirit. Indeed, he did not conceal his sense of a certain frivolity attaching to 'the profession of letters.' This trait, again, was hereditary. For seven or eight horizons back of him there had been no literature but what one part of the population preached to the other, or as he himself has plaintively said, 'ministers and ministers.' Even in Emerson's time the puritan suspicion of intellect remained, and to be simply literary was yet slightly revolutionary. None of his admirers would probably be satisfied to have him described as a 'man of letters,' though all would feel that his style is more that of the purely literary than of the philosophical class. My belief is that from the time when Emerson met with the writings of Walter Savage Landor his tone became less fervid and prophetic, and more secular. What-

ever eccentricity threatened him was dismissed in the presence of the clear and classic style of Landor — the only style whose influence seems to me at all traceable on that of Emerson. There is something almost naïve in an apology for literature with which he introduces a paper on Landor:

This sweet asylum of an intellectual life must appear to have the sanction of nature, so long as so many men are born with so decided an aptitude for reading and writing. . . . Let us not be so illiberal with our schemes for the renovation of society and nature as to disesteem or deny the literary spirit. Certainly there are heights in nature which command this; there are many more which this commands. It is vain to call it luxury, and, as saints and reformers are apt to do, decry it as a species of day-dreaming. What else are sanctities, and reforms, and all other things? Whatever can make for itself an element, means, organs, servants, and the most profound and permanent existence in the hearts and heads of millions of men, must have a reason for its being. Its excellency is reason and vindication enough. If rhyme rejoices us, there should be rhyme, as much as if fire cheers us we should bring wood and coals. Each kind of excellence takes place for its hour and excludes everything else. Do not brag of your actions as if they were better than Homer's verses or Raphael's pictures. Raphael and Homer feel that action is pitiful beside their enchantments. They could act too if the stake were worthy of them; but now all that is good in the universe urges them to their tasks. Whoever writes for the love of truth and beauty, and not with ulterior ends, belongs to this sacred class.

Of this class he regarded Landor as chief among his contemporaries, and with him he went, as it were, upon a summer excursion, into the land of letters, somewhat as he now occasionally passes a few weeks with Agassiz, Lowell, and others in the Adirondack mountains. The memoranda of that excursion, however, are particularly interesting:

We sometimes meet in a stage-coach in New England an erect muscular man, with fresh complexion and a smooth hat, whose nervous speech instantly betrays the English traveller; a man nowise cautious to conceal his name or that of his native country, or his very slight esteem for the persons or the country that surround him. When Mr. Bull rides in an American coach, he speaks quick and strong, he is very ready to confess his ignorance of everything about him, — persons, manners, customs, politics, geography. He wonders that the Americans should build with wood, whilst all this stone is lying on the roadside, and is astonished to learn that a wooden house may last a hundred years, nor will he remember the fact so many



minutes after it has been told him ; he wonders they do not make elder wine and cherry-bounce, since here are the cherries, and every mile is crammed with elder bushes. He has never seen a good horse in America, nor a good coach, nor a good inn. Here is very good earth and water and plenty of them, — that he is free to allow, — to all other gifts of nature or man his eyes are sealed by the inexorable demand for the precise conveniences to which he is accustomed in England. Add to this proud blindness the better quality of great downrightness in speaking the truth, and the love of fair play on all occasions, and moreover the peculiarity which is alleged of the Englishman, that his virtues do not come out until he quarrels. Transfer these traits to a very elegant and accomplished mind and we shall have no bad picture of Walter Savage Landor, who may stand as a favourable impersonation of the genius of his countrymen at the present day. A sharp dogmatic man with a great deal of knowledge, a great deal of worth, and a great deal of pride, with a profound contempt for all he does not understand, a master of all elegant learning, and capable of the utmost delicacy of sentiment, and yet prone to indulge a sort of ostentation of coarse imagery and language.

Further on, in alluding to Mr. Landor's coarseness, he attributes it to a disgust at 'niceness.'

Before a well-dressed company he plunges his fingers in a cesspool, as if to expose the whiteness of his hands and the jewels of his ring. Afterward he washes them in water, he washes them in wine ; but you are never secure from his freaks. A sort of Earl of Peterborough in literature, his eccentricity is too decided not to have diminished his greatness. He has capital enough to have furnished the brain of fifty stock authors, yet has written no good book.

After putting thus all his discontent, the critic becomes almost the eulogist. It is the foremost delight he finds with Landor that he is devoted to pure literature. He finds Landor a man of thoughts rather than of ideas — enumerating particulars but not seizing the generic law ; 'but as it is not from the highest Alps or Andes, but from less elevated summits, that the most attractive landscape is commanded, so is Mr. Landor the most useful and agreeable of critics.' One more fine passage of general interest I must transfer from this critique :

In the character of Pericles he has found full play for beauty and greatness of behaviour, where the circumstances are in harmony with the man. These portraits, though mere sketches, must be valued as attempts in the very highest kind of narrative which not only has very few examples to exhibit of any success, but very few competitors in the attempt. The word

Character is in all mouths ; it is a force which we all feel ; yet who has analysed it ? What is the nature of that subtle and majestic principle which attaches us to a few persons, not so much by persons as by the most spiritual ties ? What is the quality of the persons who, without being public men, or literary men, or rich men, or active men, or (in the popular sense) religious men, have a certain salutary omnipresence in all one's life history, almost giving their own quality to the atmosphere and the landscape ? A moral force, yet wholly unmindful of creed and catechism, intellectual, but scornful of books, it works directly and without means, and though it may be resisted at any time, yet resistance to it is a suicide. For the person who stands in this lofty relation to his fellow men is always the impersonation to them of their conscience. It is a sufficient proof of the extreme delicacy of this element, evanescent before any but the most sympathetic vision, that it has so seldom been employed in the drama and in novels. Mr. Landor, almost alone among English living writers, has indicated his perception of it.

To the literary period of Emerson's life I should assign two essays, entitled respectively 'The Comic' and 'The Tragic.' They are the most free-and-easy, so to speak, of his compositions, and in some of their sparkling passages might well represent that Concord table talk which so many have reason to remember. The first of these opens with a paragraph which would have made Lavater rub his eyes :

It is a nail of pain and pleasure, said Plato, which fastens the body to the mind. The way of life is a line between the regions of tragedy and comedy. I find few books so entertaining as the wistful human history written out in the faces of any collection of men at church or court-house. The silent assembly thus talks very loud. The sailor carries in his face the tan of tropic suns, and the record of rough weather ; the old farmer testifies of stone walls, rough wood-lots, the meadows, and the new barn. The doctor's head is a fragrant gallipot of virtues. The carpenter still measures feet and inches with his eye, and the licensed landlord mixes liquors in motionless pantomime. What good bargains glimmer on the merchant's aspect ! And if beauty, softness, and faith in female forms have their influence, vices even, in slight degree, are thought to improve the expression. Malice and scorn add to beauty. You shall see eyes set too near, and limited faces, faces of one make and invariable character. How the busy fancy inquires into their biography and relations ! They pique, but must tire. Compared with universal faces, countenances of a general human type, which pique less, they look less safe. In such groups the observer does not think of heroes and sages. In the silentest meeting the eye reads the plain prose of life, timidity, caution, appetite, ignorance, old houses, musty

savours, stationary, retrograde faculties pattering around (to use the country phrase) in paltry routines from January to December.

Having laid down thus the precincts of comedy, our author maintains that whilst a taste for fun is all but universal with the human species, it is limited to it, and gives the very questionable premise that the lower orders neither do nor perceive anything ridiculous. Manifestly Concord had no zoological garden. Is it not certain that an old fox or opossum, an ostrich, an ape, and, measurably, a donkey, are among Nature's jokes? The touch of farce in all the 'transitional' animals justifies Emerson's subsequent definition of comedy:

The essence of all jokes, of all comedy, seems to be halfness; a non-performance of what is pretended to be performed, at the same time that one is giving loud pledges of performance. The baulking of the intellect, the frustrated expectation, the break of continuity in the intellect, is what we call comedy; and it announces itself physically in the pleasant spasms we call laughter. With the trifling exception of the stratagems of a few beasts and birds, there is no seeming, no halfness in Nature, until the appearance of man. Unconscious creatures do the whole will of wisdom. An oak or a chestnut undertakes no function it cannot execute, or if there be phenomena in botany which we call abortions, the abortion is also a function of Nature, and assumes to the intellect the like completeness with the farther function, to which in different circumstances it had attained. The same thing holds true of the animals. Their activity is marked by unerring good sense. But man, through his access to Reason, is capable of the perception of a whole and a part. Reason is the whole, and whatever is not that, is a part. The whole of Nature is agreeable to the whole of thought, or to Reason; but separate any part of Nature, and attempt to look at it as a whole by itself, and the feeling of the ridiculous begins. The perpetual game of humour is to look with considerate good nature at every object in existence *aloof*, as a man might look at a mouse, comparing it with the eternal Whole; enjoying the figure which each self-satisfied particular creature cuts in the unrespecting All, and dismissing it with a benison. . . . The presence of the ideal of right and of truth in all action makes 'the yawning delinquencies' of practice remorseful to the conscience, tragic to the interest, but droll to the intellect. The activity of our sympathies may for a time hinder our perceiving the fact intellectually, and so deriving mirth from it, but all falsehoods, all vices seen at a sufficient distance, seen from the point where our moral sympathies do not interfere, become ludicrous. The comedy is the intellect's perception of discrepancy. Thus Falstaff, in Shakespeare, is a character of the broadest comedy, giving himself unreservedly to his senses, coolly ignoring the

reason, while he invokes its name, pretending to patriotism and to parental virtues, not with any intent to deceive, but to make the fun perfect by enjoying the confusion betwixt reason and the negation of reason, in other words, the rank rascaldom he is calling by its name. Prince Hal stands by, as the acute understanding, who sees the Right and sympathises with it, and in the heyday of youth feels also the full attractions of pleasure, and is thus eminently qualified to enjoy the joke. At the same time he is to that degree under the Reason, it does not amuse him as much as another spectator.

After showing that a perception of the ludicrous is the balance-wheel of our metaphysical structure, and that the absence of it fatally insulates a man, the writer proceeds to specify the directions in which the comical is usually found in religion, in science, and literature. John Smith, despatching to the society in London, that worried him about converting savages, an Indian, telling them to convert him themselves, and the New Englanders, as related by Hudibras, compromising with the Indians, who wished them to punish a teacher and cobbler that killed one of their number for being an infidel — who

Maturely having weighed  
They had no more but him of the trade,  
A man that served them in the double  
Capacity to teach and cobbler,  
Resolved to spare him; yet to do  
The Indian Hogan Mogan too  
Impartial justice, in his stead did  
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid —

are instances of the religious joke. The pedantry of science is illustrated in its ludicrous bearings thus:

The physiologist Camper humorously confesses the effect of his studies in dislocating his ordinary associations. 'I have been employed,' he says, 'six months on the *Cetacea*; I understand the osteology of the head of all these monsters, and have made the combination with the human head so well, that everybody now appears to me narwhale, porpoise, or marsouins. Women, the prettiest in society, and those whom I find less comely, they are either narwhales or porpoises to my eyes.' I chanced the other day to fall in with an odd illustration of the remark I had heard, that the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health; I was hastening to visit an old and honoured friend, who, I was informed, was in a dying condition, when I met his physician, who accosted me in great spirits, with joy sparkling in his eyes. 'And how is my friend, the doctor?' I inquired. 'Oh, I saw him this morning; it is the most correct apoplexy I have ever seen; face and hands livid, breathing stertorous, all the symptoms perfect;' and he rubbed his hands with delight, for in the country we

cannot find every day a case that agrees with the diagnosis of the books. I think there is malice in a very trifling story that is going about, and which I should not take any notice of, did I not suspect it to contain some satire upon my brothers of the Natural History Society. It is of a boy who was learning his alphabet. 'That letter is A,' said the teacher; 'A,' drawled the boy. 'That is B,' said the teacher; 'B,' drawled the boy, and so on. 'That is W,' said the teacher. 'The devil!' exclaimed the boy; 'is that W?'

With relation to the humours that come of the condition of men in life or society, the writer finds that it depends upon pretension. If the man is not ashamed of his poverty, for example, there is nothing ridiculous in it: as in the poverty of the saint, of the rapt philosopher, or the naked Indian. But the surrender of the man to his appearance is ludicrous, like infinite courtesy displayed to one's shadow on the wall:

It affects us oddly, as to see things turned upside down, or to see a man in a high wind run after his hat, which is always droll. The relation of the parties is inverted, — hat being for the moment master. The multiplication of artificial wants and expenses in civilised life, and the exaggeration of all trifling forms, present innumerable occasions for this discrepancy to expose itself. Such is the story told of the painter Astley, who, going out of Rome one day with a party for a ramble in the Campagna, and the weather proving hot, refused to take off his coat when his companions threw off theirs, but sweltered on; which, exciting remark, his comrades playfully forced off his coat, and behold on the back of his vest a gay cascade was thundering down the rocks with foam and rainbow, very refreshing in so sultry a day: a picture of his own, with which the poor painter had been fain to repair the shortcomings of his wardrobe.

A companion piece to the above is a brief paper, written shortly after it, entitled 'The Tragic.' The first portion of this is somewhat in the same vein with the essay on 'Fate' in the *Conduct of Life*. More, however, than in the latter essay, the author seems to regard the tragical elements of life and nature as superficial and transient. The bitterest of them, he maintains, are derived from a belief in a brute fate—that the order of nature is controlled by a law not adapted to man, nor man to that, but which holds on its way to the end, serving him if his wishes chance to lie in the same course, crushing him if his wishes lie contrary to it, and heedless whether it serves or crushes him:

This is the terrible idea that lies at the foundation of the old Greek tragedy, and makes *Edipus* and *Antigone* and *Orestes* objects of such hopeless commiseration. They must perish, and

there is no over-god to stop or to mollify this hideous enginery that grinds or thunders, and takes them up into its terrific system.

In all this, penalties are not grounded on the nature of things, but on arbitrary will; or, indeed, this destiny is not will at all, but an immense whim. It is discriminated from the doctrine of philosophical necessity in that the last is an optimism, wherein the sufferer finds his good consulted in the good of all of which he is a part. The old idea of fate disappears with civilisation, and so the antique tragedy can never be reproduced. Coming to real life, the author finds the essence of tragedy in a terror that relates not to particular but to indefinite evils:

A low, haggard sprite sits by our side casting the fashion of uncertain evils, — a sinister presentiment, a power of the imagination to dislocate things orderly and cheerful and show them in startling disarray. Hark! what sounds on the night-wind, the cry of Murder in that friendly house; see these marks of stamping feet, of hidden riot. The whisper overheard, the detected glance, the glare of malignity, ungrounded fears, suspicions, half-knowledge, and mistakes darken the brow and chill the heart of men. And accordingly it is natures not clear, not of quick and steady perceptions, but imperfect characters from which somewhat is hidden that all others see, who suffer most from these causes.

All of this lies in a low plane, haunted with illusions. These things, though real to modern as brute fate to ancient faith, clear away also as phantoms before the healthy spirit:

Time, the consoler, time, the rich carrier of all changes, dries the freshest tears by obtruding new figures, new costumes, new roads, on our eye, new voices on our ear. As the west wind lifts up again the heads of the wheat which were bent down and lodged in the storm, and combs out the matted and dishevelled grass as it lay in night-locks on the ground, so we let in time as a drying wind into the seed-field of thoughts that are dank and wet and low-bent. Time restores to them temper and elasticity. How fast we forget the blow that threatened to cripple us. Nature will not sit still; the faculties will do somewhat; new hopes spring, new affections twine, and the broken is whole again. . . . Most suffering is only apparent. We fancy it is torture; the patient has his own compensations. A tender American girl doubts of Divine Providence whilst she reads the horrors of 'the middle passage;' and they are bad enough at the mildest; but to such as she these crucifixions do not come: they come to the obtuse and barbarous, to whom they are not horrid, but only a little worse than the old sufferings. They ex-

change a cannibal war for the stench of the hold. They have gratifications which would be none to the civilised girl. . . . The intellect is a consoler, which delights in detaching or putting an interval between a man and his fortune, and so converts the sufferer into a spectator, and his pain into poetry. It yields the joys of conversation, of letters, and of science. Hence also the torments of life become tuneful tragedy, solemn and soft with music, and garnished with rich dark pictures. But higher still than the activities of art, the intellect in its purity, and the moral sense in its purity, are not distinguished from each other, and both ravish us into a region whereinto these passionate clouds of sorrow cannot rise.

It was, probably, while on his pleasant excursion with Landor, that Emerson met with one of the two men who alone can be regarded as his masters. After Goethe had looked him in the eye he never saw Landor more. To Goethe more than all others is traceable his optimism, with the disposition implied in it of looking upon conventional society with the eye of a naturalist rather than that of a moralist. The devil became a fossil monster for Emerson when Goethe appeared with his sparkling wickedness. But after all his optimism was only a new application of the Puritan faith, which held that 'the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof' in a sense that would change space to a meeting-house and eternity to a Sabbath. It has interested me to compare the first criticism he ever wrote upon Goethe with his lecture on the same in his *Representative Men*. In those earlier days Goethe 'held him with his glittering eye,' but there are plain signs of misgiving as to the influence. Dazzled by the great German's various power, and the wonderful range of his knowledge, he nevertheless feels that he has no faith, no loyalty, to any sovereign aim, and is especially aggrieved by his new friend's fondness for stars on the breast and his low bows to artificial society. When he wrote the lecture, Emerson had come to care more for the quantity than the quality of what he could gain from any teacher. In the early criticism to which I have referred he says:

To look at him one would say, there never was an observer before. What sagacity, what industry of observation! To read his record is a frugality of time, for you shall find no word that does not stand for a thing; and he is of that comprehension which can see the value of truth. His love of nature has seemed to give a new meaning to that word. There was never man more domesticated in this world than he. . . . If we try Goethe by the ordinary canons of criticism, we should say that his thinking is of

great altitude, and all level; — not a succession of summits, but a high Atlantic table-land. Dramatic power, the rarest talent in literature, he has very little. He has an eye constant to the fact of life, and that never pauses in its advance. But the great felicities, the miracles of poetry, he has never. It is all design with him, just thought and instructed expression, analogies, allusion, illustration, which knowledge and correct thinking supply; but of Shakespeare and the transcendent muse no syllable. . . . Poetry is with Goethe thus external, the gilding of the chain, the mitigation of his fate; but the muse never assays those thunder-tones which cause to vibrate the sun and moon, which dissipate by dreadful melody all this iron network of circumstance, and abolish the old heavens and the old earth before the free-will and godhead of man.

The saunter into the pleasant land of letters has ended with Goethe, under whom senses were sharpened, implements of the finest kind fashioned and polished, an apprenticeship in their skillful use served; but who, when the *Cui bono?* came, could only reply — Culture. Here Emerson and his guide parted. With all his optimism, our Concord man could not consent that Plymouth Rock was laid to be the corner-stone of a boudoir for the conversation of fine ladies and gentlemen. So, soon after the last paragraph quoted, he turns again, it may be sadly, yet hopefully also, and writes these closing words:

Man is not so far lost but that he suffers ever the great Discontent which is the elegy of his loss and the prediction of his recovery. In the gay saloon he laments that these figures are not what Raphael and Guercino painted. Withered though he stand, and trifler though he be, the august spirit of the world looks out from his eyes. In his heart he knows the ache of spiritual pain, and his thought can animate the sea and land. What then shall hinder the genius of the time from speaking its thought? It cannot be silent if it would. It will write in a higher spirit, and a wider knowledge, and with a grander practical aim than ever yet guided the pen of poet. It will write the annals of a changed world, and record the descent of principles into practice, of love into government, of love into trade. It will describe the new heroic life of man, the now unbelievably possible of simple living and of clean and noble relations with men. Religion will bind again those that were sometime frivolous, customary, enemies, sceptics, self-seekers, into a joyful reverence for the circumambient Whole, and that which was ecstasy shall become daily bread.

The truest master of Emerson, however, he who became the strongest influence outside of his own mind in determining the form that his work in this world should take, was Carlyle. The lonely scholar of



Craigenputtock had from the first had no reader more responsive than this unknown brother of his at Concord. The papers that now make Carlyle's *Miscellanies* had guided his studies, to a great extent, and he was the first to recognise the genius which pervaded those strange papers in *Fraser* about Teufelsdröckh, which were bewildering so many English readers. These, however, more and more allured the young man who had just withdrawn from public life to solitude and speculation. By these fine dreams his horizon seemed for the time bounded. But meanwhile Carlyle, the secrets of his 'art and mystery' gained, started forth, an English Prometheus, resolved to bear to men the fire which the Teutonic deities were reserving to themselves. His brave effort to animate the cold still forms of trade and politics was an irresistible appeal to the American dreamer, and in a paper he wrote on the appearance of *Past and Present* there is the prophecy of his career, and the omen of revolutions that are now historical. This paper of seven pages comprises, I believe, all of the direct criticism which Emerson has written on his friend's works. It is, however, not so much a criticism as a happy celebration, the principal theme of which is an outburst of admiration at the nobleness and generosity of the thinker who had addressed himself to a great human task:

Here is Carlyle's new poem, his Iliad of English woes, to follow his poem on France, entitled the *History of the French Revolution*. In its first aspect, it is a political tract, and since Burke, since Milton, we have had nothing to compare with it. It grapples honestly with the facts lying before all men, — and with a heart full of manly tenderness, offers his best counsel to his brothers. . . . It is not by sitting still at a grand distance, and calling the human race *larvæ*, that men are to be helped, nor by helping the depraved after their own foolish fashion, but by doing unweariedly the work we were born to do. Let no man think himself absolved because he does a generous action and befriends the poor, but let him see whether he so holds his property that a benefit goes from it to all. A man's diet should be what is simplest and readiest to be had, because it is so private a good. His house should be better, because that is for the use of hundreds, perhaps thousands, and is the property of the traveller. But his speech is a perpetual and public instrument; let that always side with the race, and yield neither a lie nor a sneer. His manners, — let them be hospitable and civilising, so that no Phidias or Raphael shall have taught anything better in canvas or stone; and his acts should be representative of the human race, as one who makes them rich in his having and poor in his want.

It requires great courage in a man of letters  
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to handle the contemporary practical questions; not because he then has all men for his rivals, but because of the infinite entanglements of the problem, and the waste of strength in gathering unripe fruits. The task is superhuman; and the poet knows well that a little time will do more than the most puissant genius. Time stills the loud noise of opinions, sinks the small, raises the great, so that the true emerges without effort and in perfect harmony to all eyes; but the truth of the present hour, except in particulars and single relations, is unattainable. . . . The poet cannot descend into the turbid present without injury to his rarest gifts. Hence that necessity of isolation which genius has always felt. He must stand on his glass tripod if he would keep his electricity. But when the political aspects are so calamitous that the sympathies of the man overpower the habits of the poet, a higher than literary inspiration may succour him. It is a costly proof of character that the most renowned scholar of England should take his reputation in his hand, and should descend into the ring, and he has added to his love whatever honour his opinions may forfeit.

He expresses frankly his sense of a fault in the work. The picture is over-coloured, lacks universality, the tone exaggerated; it is not serene sunshine, but everything is seen in lurid stormlights. It is Emerson's optimism, afterwards to stretch into the great gulf between him and Carlyle, that wrote thus:

One can hardly credit, whilst under the spell of this magician, that the world had always the same bankrupt look to foregoing ages as to us, — as of a failed world just recollecting its old withered forces to begin again and try to do a little business. It was perhaps inseparable from the attempt to write a book of wit and imagination on English politics that a certain local emphasis and effect, such as is the vice of preaching, should appear, producing on the reader a feeling of forlornness by the excess of value attributed to circumstances. But the splendour of wit cannot outdazzle the calm daylight, which always shows every individual man in balance with his age, and always able to work out his own salvation from all the follies of that, and no such glaring contrasts or severalties in that or this. Each age has its own follies, as its majority is made up of foolish young people; its superstitions appear no superstitions to itself; and if you should ask the contemporary, he would tell you with pride or with regret (according as he was practical or poetic) that it had none. But after a short time, down go its follies and weakness, and the memory of them; its virtues alone remain, and its limitation assumes the form of a beautiful superstition, as the dimness of our sight clothes the objects in the horizon with mist and colour. The Revelation of Reason is this of the unchangeableness of the fact of humanity under all its subjective aspects, that



to the cowering it always cowers, to the daring it opens great avenues. The ancients are only venerable to us, because distance has destroyed what was trivial; as the sun and stars affect us only grandly because we cannot reach to their smoke and their surfaces, and say, Is that all?

Yet the gravity of the times, he is reminded, may easily excuse some overcolouring of the picture; and Americans are not so far removed from any of the specific evils, and are deeply participant in too many, not to share the gloom, and thank the love and courage of the counsellor.

The book is full of humanity, and nothing is more excellent in this, as in all Mr. Carlyle's works, than the altitude of the writer. He has the dignity of a man of letters who knows what belongs to him, and never deviates from his sphere; a continuer of the great line of scholars, and sustains their office in the highest credit and honour. If the good heaven have any word to impart to this unworthy generation, here is one scribe qualified and clothed for its occasion. One excellence he has in an age of mammon and of criticism, that he never suffers the eye of his wonder to close. Let who will be the dupe of trifles, he cannot keep his eye off from that gracious Infinite which embosoms us. As a literary artist he has great merits, beginning with the main one, that he never wrote one dull line.

The article closes with the following note on Carlyle's style:

We have in literature few specimens of magnificence. Plato is the purple ancient, and Bacon and Milton the moderns of the richest strains. Burke-sometimes reaches to that exuberant fullness, though deficient in depth. Carlyle in his strange half-mad way has entered the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and shown a vigour and wealth of resource which has no rival in the tourney play of these times;—the indubitable champion of England. Carlyle is the first domestication of the modern system, with its infinity of details, into style. We have been civilising very fast, building London and Paris, and now planting New England and India, New Holland and Oregon—and it has not appeared in literature,—there has been no analogous expansion and recomposition in books. Carlyle's style is the first emergence of all this wealth and labour, with which the world has gone with child so long. . . . How like an air-balloon, or bird of Jove, does he seem to float over the continent, and stooping here and there pounce on a fact as a symbol which was never a symbol before. This is the first experiment; and something of rudeness and haste must be pardoned to so great an achievement. It will be done again and again, sharper, simpler, but fortunate is he who did it first, though never so giant-like and fabulous. This grandiose character pervades his wit and his imagination. We have never had

anything in literature so like earthquakes as the laughter of Carlyle. He 'shakes with his mountain mirth.' It is like the laughter of the genii in the horizon. These jokes shake down Parliament-house, and Windsor Castle, Temple, and tower, and the future shall echo the dangerous peals. The other particular of his magnificence is in his rhymes. Carlyle is a poet who is altogether too burly in his frame and habit to submit to the limits of metre. Yet he is full of rhythm not only in the perpetual melody of his periods, but in the burdens, refrains, and grand returns of his sense and music. Whatever thought or motto has once appeared to him fraught with meaning, becomes an omen to him henceforward, and is sure to return with deeper tones and weightier import, now as promise, now as threat, now as confirmation, in gigantic re-verbération, as if the hills, the horizon, and the next ages returned the sound.

I think that the chief influence exerted by Carlyle upon Emerson was derived from his political writings, the tendency of it having been to quicken in him the feeling of the practical relation of his genius to his age and country. The ancient creed of the Puritans, that the worker must think, the thinker must work, revived in his perception that literature is but a blossom and must pass away unless it can fulfil itself in fruit. It is wonderful with what energy he threw himself into the work of teaching the growing generation. It has often been claimed that the doctrine of necessity must engender inaction and passiveness; and not even such examples as Paul, Mohammed, Calvin, Cromwell, the Puritans, and others who were at once the greatest workers and the sternest believers in destiny, have been enough to remove this opinion of those who, not having reached that faith, cannot see the ideas that accompany it. It is another lesson on this subject, that the two most energetic exhorters of this time are men whose works are pervaded with the spirit and ideas of the necessitarian philosophy. This is more notable in the case of Emerson than that of Carlyle; for Emerson was both by thought and temperament an optimist. Nevertheless, among the things predestined was this—that he should stand before his countrymen as the apostle of a new idea whose recognition implied a reorganisation of society and of individual aims. In addition to his own religious principle and the noble example of Carlyle, the American philosopher's spirit was plainly stirred by the sad and dreary state of mind to which he found the young people around him reduced. Unitarianism had unsettled everything and settled nothing; or perhaps it might be better deemed in itself an expression of the fluid shoreless condition of

the popular mind. In a letter written at that time, Emerson speaks of the young men of America as stricken by a mental malady and melancholy which 'strips them of all manly aims and bereaves them of animal spirits.'

The noblest youths are in a few years converted into pale caryatides to uphold the temple of conventions. They are in the state of the young Persians when 'that mighty Yezdan prophet' addressed them and said, 'Behold the signs of evil days are come; there is now no longer any right course of action, nor any self-devotion left among the Iranians.' As soon as they have arrived at this turn there are no employments to satisfy them—they are educated above the work of their times and country, and disdain it. Many of the more acute minds pass into a lofty criticism of these things, which only embitters their sensibility to the evil, and widens the feeling of hostility between them and the citizens at large. From this cause companies of the best educated young men in the Atlantic States every week take their departure for Europe; for no business that they have in that country, but simply because they shall so be hid from the reproachful eyes of their countrymen, and agreeably entertained for one or two years, with some lurking hope, no doubt, that something may turn up to give them a decided direction. It is easy to see that this is only a postponement of their proper work, with the additional disadvantage of a two-years' vacation. Add that this class is rapidly increasing by the infatuation of the active class, who, while they regard these young Americans with suspicion and dislike, educate their own children in the same courses, and use all possible endeavours to secure to them the same result.

Such, most faithfully delineated, was the regeneration to which Emerson came. The result proved that he had come to his own, and they received him. He lectured frequently to the most educated audiences, and made the most of every opportunity. He had then apparently far less faith in the possibilities of the prevalent society and government, and pointed his hearers to an ideal New Jerusalem coming down from the clouds. To his transcendent vision the old forms were as a village of wigwams to the City of God. He was earnest and eloquent; there was no forgetting what he said; to hear him was, for the young, to be a convert and an enthusiast. His mind gained reinforcement from this contact with the popular mind; his imagination was steadied by his successes; and his artistic faculty was largely cultivated.

In a casual paper written many years ago in the *New York Tribune*, Margaret Fuller inserted a brief reminiscence of these lectures, which is worthy of preservation:

If only as a representative of the claims of individual culture in a nation which is prone to lay such stress on artificial organisation and external results, Mr. Emerson would be invaluable here. History will inscribe his name as a father of his country, for he is one who pleads her cause against herself. If New England may be regarded as a chief mental focus to the New World, . . . we may hail as an auspicious omen the influence Mr. Emerson has there obtained, which is deep-rooted, increasing, and, over the younger portion of the community, far greater than that of any other person. . . . The audience that waited for years upon the lectures was never large, but it was select, and it was constant. Among the hearers were some who, though, attracted by the beauty of character and manner, they were willing to hear the speaker through, yet always went away disappointed. They were accustomed to an artificial method, whose scaffolding could easily be retraced, and desired an obvious sequence of logical inferences. . . . Others were content to be benefited by a good influence without a strict analysis of its means. 'My wife says it is about the elevation of human nature, and so it seems to me,' was a fit reply to some of the critics. . . . Those who believed no truth could exist unless encased by the burrs of opinion went away utterly baffled. Sometimes they thought he was on their side; then presently would come something on the other. The partisan heard but once, and returned no more. But some there were—simple souls—whose life had been, perhaps, without clear light, yet still a search after truth for its own sake, who were able to receive what followed on the suggestion of a subject in a natural manner, as a stream of thought. These recognised, beneath the veil of words, the still small voice of conscience, the vestal fires of lone religious hours, and the mild teachings of the summer woods. The charm of elocution, too, was great. His general manner was that of the reader, occasionally rising into direct address or invocation in passages where tenderness or majesty demanded more energy. At such times both eye and voice called on a remote future to give a worthy reply; a future which shall manifest more largely the universal soul as it was then manifest to this soul. The tone of the voice was a grave body tone, full and sweet rather than sonorous, yet flexible and haunted by many modulations, as even instruments of wood and brass seem to become after they have been long played on with skill and taste; how much more the human voice! In the more expressive passages it uttered notes of silvery clearness, winning, yet still more commanding. The words uttered in those tones floated awhile above us, then took root in the memory like winged seed.

His influence became incomparable. In that day the destinies of hundreds were decided by a single sentence of his about 'the grave absurdity of a youth of noble aims, who can find no field for his energies, whilst

the colossal wrongs of the Indian, of the negro, of the emigrant, remain unmitigated, and the religious, civil, and judicial forms of the country are confessedly effete and offensive.' Many rushed into the anti-slavery movement, and have since become its orators or martyrs, and all philanthropic schemes were reinforced. But as Emerson went on with the utterance of such thoughts as I have been quoting in this paper, there came virgins both wise and foolish from the east and west to light their torches at his fire, and bear them through all lands. Socialistic and other communities sprang up, and the projects for the regeneration of society—from cold water movements to such as kept everybody in hot water—were innumerable. It was observable at all the meetings for peace, progress, or solidarity, whoever rose to his feet, it was always Emerson that spoke with vigour more or less diluted. His was the first American voice that ever invaded England; and it made people here restless enough. Such were the letters that came pouring in from all parts of Great Britain, that Mr. Alcott, an organism of the Emersonian spirit, and the chief apostle of Transcendentalism, came over as a mild missionary to anxious inquirers. But lately, walking across Ham Common, I paused before 'Alcott House,' and reflected how far the light of a clear spirit will shine, albeit its ray will sometimes fall into a fog. On July 5, 1842, the London *Morning Chronicle* contained the following advertisement:

**PUBLIC INVITATION.** An open meeting of the friends of human progress will be held to-morrow, July 6, at Mr. Wright's Alcott-House School, Ham Common, near Richmond, Surrey, for the purpose of considering and adopting means for the promotion of the great end, when all who are interested in human destiny are earnestly urged to attend. The chair taken at three o'clock, and again at seven, by A. Bronsen Alcott, Esq., now on a visit from America. Omnibuses travel to and fro, and the Richmond steamboat reaches at a convenient hour.

In response to this invitation, the great rolling world of these islands sent about a score of men and women—some from London, others from various points, sometimes very distant—who sat on the lawn, aiming at 'nothing less than to speak of the instauration of Spirit, and its incarnation in a beautiful form.' Three papers were read on (1) Reformation, (2) Transition, (3) Formation. The conclusion of the meeting was absurd enough:

In order to obtain the highest excellence of which man is capable, the generation of a new

race of persons is demanded, who shall project institutions and initiate conditions altogether original, and commensurate with the being and wants of humanity. The germs of this new generation are even now discernible in human beings, but have been hitherto either choked by ungenial circumstances, or, having borne fruit prematurely or imperfectly, have attained no abiding growth. It is proposed to select a spot whereon a new Eden may be planted and man may, untempted by evil, dwell in harmony with his Creator, with himself, his fellows, and with all external natures. Providence seems to have ordained the United States, more especially New England, as the field wherein this idea is to be realised in actual experience.

Such was one of a thousand dreams that hovered on purple cloud in the West as the Prospero of Concord waved his wand. Of those who left all and sailed the seas to find the new Eden and its fit inhabitant, what account can now be given? America ground them, their Brook Farms, Fruitlands, and the like, into paint for an ideal of her own, which she is resolved to put on canvas. As for Prospero, he was at no time the victim of any particular project for the regeneration of society ever proposed; to him the finest of them were such stuff as dreams are made of. And though through long years he seemed to have little hope in the reformation of the old world, looking rather for a transformation of it, in these later ones it would seem that the pictured curtain of a new society has lifted and revealed to him the gods seated round on the old mistrusted earth. And I cannot, perhaps, better conclude this study of Emerson's earlier thoughts and works than by quoting the closing words of his latest address to the young men of America, given before the students of Harvard University at their commencement in July last:

Gentlemen, I draw new hope from the atmosphere we breathe to-day, from the healthy sentiment of the American people, and from the avowed aims and tendencies of the educated class. The age has new convictions. We know that in certain historic periods there have been times of negation,—a decay of thought, and a consequent national decline; that in France, at one time, there was almost a repudiation of the moral sentiment, in what is called, by distinction, society,—not a believer within the Church, and almost not a theist out of it. In England, the like spiritual disease affected the upper class in the time of Charles II., and down into the reign of the Georges. But it honourably distinguishes the educated class here, that they believe in the succour which the heart yields to the intellect, and draw greatness from the inspirations. And when I say the educated class, I know what a benignant breadth that word has,—new in

the world, — reaching millions instead of hundreds. And more, when I look around me, and consider the sound material of which the cultivated class here is made up, — what high personal worth, what love of men, what hope, is joined with rich information and practical power, and that the most distinguished by genius and

culture are in this class of benefactors, — I cannot distrust this great knighthood of virtues, or doubt that the interests of science, of letters, of politics and humanity, are safe. I think their hands are strong enough to hold up the Republic. I read the promise of better times and of greater men.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Hush ! 'tis a holy place,  
The spirit's passing hour;  
A mortal one hath run his race,  
A Christian claims his dower.  
Be still, nor let an earthly thought  
Mar the deep calmness of his lot.

Hath he not done with earth,  
Its glory and its pride?  
Its passing scenes of woe and mirth,  
Its pleasures scorn'd, though tried?  
Hath he not conquered death and sin,  
And joy'd eternal life to win?

And toil and strife are o'er,  
And earthly cares are past,  
And he hath gain'd yon blessed shore,  
Hath won the palm at last.  
Oh, who would cling to mortal woe,  
When heaven such glory can bestow?

In yon bright land above,  
How rich the deep repose !  
No cloud, by blasting sorrow wove,  
Its blighting shadow throws :  
No care obstructs the radiant light  
Where day ne'er shrinks from hastening night.

Then follow we his track,  
Through Him who death o'ercame ;  
Since death restores not loved ones back,  
Be ours such bliss to claim.  
Be ours to gain the glorious prize,  
Life, life eternal in the skies.

Churchman's Family Magazine.

## NELLY.

ONLY a little child,  
Who sings all day in the street,

Such a tuneless song  
To an idle throng,  
Who pity her shoeless feet ;  
A poor, pale, pretty child !  
With clothes so ragged and mean,  
And a wild weird face,  
On which ne'er a trace  
Of childhood's joy can be seen.

Out in the damp, wet fog,  
Out in the sleet and the rain,  
Out when the cold wind  
Sends its blast unkind  
Through her again and again ;  
Out in the dreadful night,  
By the hinge of the tavern door,  
In hope as she sings  
Of the pity that flings  
Some pence on the beer-stained floor.

Mothers who pass her by  
Shudder with terrible fear,  
Praying her fate may  
Never be some day  
That of their little ones dear ;  
Children who hear her sing  
Stare at her features so wild,  
O'er her life ponder,  
Thinking with wonder,  
" What, can she too be a child ? "

Out in the damp, wet fog,  
Out in the sleet and the rain,  
Out when the cold wind  
Sends its blast unkind  
Through her again and again.  
Brought up in Satan's school,  
Hell's abyss falling in ;  
Is there no pity  
In this great city  
To save her from shame and sin ?

St. James's Magazine.

From St. James's Magazine.

## UNREADY-WITTED.

BY FRANCIS JACOB.

JOHNSON's shy scholar, who gets snubbed and snuffed out at the dinner-party, gladly makes his escape to the ladies at tea, and resolves then and there to redeem his credit by some graceful observation or elegant compliment. They have heard he is a wit, and he determines on asserting and sustaining the prestige. But somehow, he can never give his smart things a happy deliverance. And there are few situations more disquieting — this is his retrospective review of the case — than that in which the man is placed who is watching an opportunity to speak, without courage to take it when offered; and who, though he resolves to display his powers, always finds some reason or other for delaying it to the next minute. The result of course is, that *Verecundulus* steals away under an oppressive conviction of ignominious failure. No sooner, however, is he seated in his study again, we may be sure, than the good things he might have said occur to him in droves; nor can he understand how he could possibly have failed to utter them. Hazlitt has an essay on the Shyness of Scholars, in which he dwells on the peculiar liability of the habitual student to be puzzled by any casual question, when taken unawares. "He must have time given him to collect his thoughts, to consider objections, to make further inquiries, and comes to no conclusion at last," — a sufficient contrast to the dashing, off-hand manner of the mere man of business or of fashion. Rousseau over and over again "confesses" his laggard propensity in the matter of apt retort, pat rejoinder, and pert and pertinent repartee. He was capital at an *impromptu à loisir*. But an *impromptu* without that qualification was entirely out of his way, and beyond his reach.

How very often it happens in conversation, as Bernard Barton remarks in one of his letters to Crabbe, that the thing you might, and would, and should have said, occurs to you just a little too late. He draws on his own experience for the record of many a long and animated discussion with a friend, after which he called to mind some pithy argument that would have smashed his opponent's case, and which, affirms the gentle Quaker-poet, "I should have been almost sure to have had at my fingers' ends, had I been quietly arguing the matter on paper in my own study." Cowper complains that when he wrote a letter to any but a familiar friend, no sooner had he de-

spatched it, than he was sure to recollect how much better he could have made it. Horace Walpole opens one of his epistles with the remark, that mere answers, that are not made to letters immediately, are like good things which people recollect they might have said, had they but thought of them in time; that is, very insipid, and the *à propos* very probably forgotten. Vanity, as well as vexation of spirit.

Little Henry Esmond, when pointed out by saucy Trix to my lord, as "saying his prayers to mamma," could only look very silly. If he invented a half-dozen of speeches in reply, that was months afterwards; "as it was, he had never a word in answer." Mr. Thackeray's writings offer divers illustrations of the same kind. There is Mr. Batchelor, for instance, when imperitently quizzed to his face by that supercilious Captain Baker. "'Sir!' says I; and 'sir' was all I could say. The fact is, I could have replied with something remarkably neat and cutting, which would have transfixed the languid little jackanapes . . . but, you see, I only thought of my repartee some eight hours afterwards, when I was lying in bed, and I am sorry to own, that a great number of my best *bon mots* have been made in that way." So with Reuben Medlicott, on the night of a memorable ball, going supperless to bed, and occupying himself with the elaborate concoction of twenty little speeches, which he felt he ought to have made to Miss Barsac, and with framing a spirited retort to demolish De Tabley, the next time he should renew his impertinences. These things are so easily done in bed, — especially when dreaming. In dreams, as Addison observes, it is wonderful the alacrity with which the soul exerts herself; what unpremeditated harangues are made by the slow of speech, and how readily we converse in languages we are but little acquainted with; how notably the grave abound in pleasantries, and the dull in repartees and flashes of wit.

When Philip Firmin's cousin — young Twysden — came slumbering up to Mr. Pendennis at Bays' Club, one afternoon, and said: "I hear my precious cousin is going to marry. I think I shall send him a broom to sweep a crossing," — Mr. Pendennis was nearly going to say: "This is a piece of generosity to be expected from your father's son;" but the fact is, he owns, that he did not think of this withering repartee until he was crossing St. James's Park, on his way home, when Twysden was of course out of earshot. "A great number of my best witticisms have been a little late in making their appearance in the world." If



we could but hear the *unspoken* jokes, he goes on to reflect, how we should all laugh; and if we could but speak them, how witty we should be! "When you have left the room, you have no notion what clever things I was going to say when you baulked me by going away." Unfortunately, in this, as in so many other cases, a miss is as good as a mile. Potential wits we all account ourselves, more or less (most of us more, rather than less); but the world is so full of what Mr. Carlyle calls foiled potentialities. And so many of us, in our potential or optative mood, can never hit on a present tense for it. Our companion is gone before the witticism is quite ready. Like the Scottish prince in Scott's poem, whose belated answer could not overtake the departed object of it:

"The wondering monarch seemed to seek  
For answer, and found none;  
And when he raised his head to speak,  
The monitor was gone."

The curate, in Colonel Hamley's clever story, is watched with a sort of amazed interest by his housekeeper, as he goes through a series of curious gesticulations, just after parting with Lady Lee. He mutters to himself, smiling; bends his body constantly forward, as if explaining something, waves his hand argumentatively, raises it deprecatingly, and brings the palms together with earnest emphasis. "He's certainly acting a play," says Jennifer to herself, looking out of the window at him as she dusts the books. Nothing of the kind, however; he is merely continuing in imagination the conversation he has just held with Lady Lee. He is saying brilliant things to her, and greatly distinguishing himself in that imaginary conference, and taking that share in it which he would have taken in the real one if he had had a little more presence of mind. "He carried on with her, while alone in his elbow-chair at the parsonage, more imaginary conversations than ever Walter Savage Landor wrote, and would thirst for the next visit, that this airy eloquence of his might take actual sound, and receive audible replies." And he used, as we are assured, to be so brilliant, so lively, so irresistible in argument, in these ideal interviews, that he would sometimes, at the conclusion of a real one, marvel why he should depart with a sense of having acquitted himself in a manner so inferior to his thought. Shy curates are not the only class liable to this sort of break-down. So accomplished and high seasoned a man of the world as Alfred Var-

grave, in "Owen Meredith's" rhymed romance, is in like case, on at least one occasion of his eventful life:

"He saluted the countess, and sought, much perplexed,  
For some trivial remark—the conventional phrases—  
Irreproachable manners, appropriate praises.  
But in spite of himself, some unknown agitation,  
An invincible trouble, a strange palpitation,  
Confused his ingenious and frivolous wit,  
Overtook, and entangled, and paralysed it.  
That wit so complacent and docile, that ever  
Lightly came at the call of the lightest endeavour,  
Ready coined, and availably current as gold,  
Which, secure of its value, so fluently roll'd  
In free circulation from hand on to hand,  
For the usage of all, at a moment's command;  
For once it rebell'd, it was mute and unstirr'd,  
And he look'd at Lucile without speaking a word."

Does not Mr. Disraeli, in his *Love Story* (expressly and explicitly so called), tell us of Ferdinand, on his way to visit Henrietta Temple, that he indulged in a thousand imaginary conversations with his mistress, until the interview itself was close at hand, whereupon all his fire and fancy deserted him? Does not Mr. Anthony Trollope typically embody in John Kennedy those men who will bethink themselves, after an interval of weeks, how they might have brought up wit to their use, and have improved an occasion which chance had given them?—"But when the bright eyes do glance, such men pass by abashed; and when the occasion offers, their wit is never at hand." Nor is the fairer sex unversed in such experiences. Elena, in Mr. Henry Taylor's poetical drama, or dramatic poem, owns to her embarrassment in the presence of the hero she worships:

"How can I please him when I cannot speak?  
When he is absent I am full of thought  
And fruitful in expression inwardly,  
And fresh and free and cordial is the flow  
Of my ideal and unheard discourse,  
Calling him in my heart endearing names,  
Familiarly fearless. But alas!  
No sooner is he present than my thoughts  
Are breathless and bewitched, and stunted so  
In force and freedom, that I ask myself  
Whether I think at all, or feel, or live,  
So senseless am I."

Dr. Holmes suggestively records on the subject of mistakes and slips in writing, that he never finds them out until they are stereotyped, and then he thinks they rarely escape him. Southey once assigned as the

reason for his not reading for the bar, that he was so easily disconcerted; that the right answer to an argument never occurred to him immediately. "I always find it at last, but it comes too late; a blockhead who speaks boldly can baffle me." A state of mind figured in a modern poem—

"Speech, only quick to blush its own delay,  
Made me a fool, when fools had their own way,  
And awkward-silent when conceit was loud."

Charlotte Brontë relates how Mr. Thackeray met her at the door, at the close of one of his readings, and frankly asked her what she thought of it; and how, liking his *naïveté*, she was entirely disposed to praise him, having plenty of praise in her heart, "but alas! no word on my lips. Who *has* words at the right moment? I stammered out some lame expressions" — and doubtless hit on some neat and pithy eulogium soon after his back was turned.

DECLINE OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURES. — The result of the Paris Exhibition in showing the superiority of foreign workmen and manufactures over those of England has excited great apprehensions in the latter country. The subject has been discussed in Parliament, and several plans have been proposed to restore their former prestige. It is curious that, after the Exhibitions of 1855 and 1862, the French jurors expressed fears of the superiority of England, whereas now the situation is reversed and the latter are behindhand. In many articles of manufacture, particularly wool, silk, lace, and iron, England can hardly compete with France. It is true both her exports and imports have doubled within a few years, but they are mainly raw material sent abroad to be manufactured.

The cause of this decline is held by the best authorities to be the superior technical training of foreign workmen. Some stress is also laid upon the dishonesty of many English manufacturers, who make an inferior class of goods, and thus lower their standing abroad. English middle-class education has made scarcely any advance in the last thirty years, and the standard of intelligence is very low. This is the real cause of the inferiority of her workmen, as technical instruction is of little value without proper elementary education.

N. Y. Evening Post.

SCIENTIFIC LECTURES FOR WOMEN IN ENGLAND. — Miss Clough, a relative of the late poet Arthur Clough, has devoted much time to the preparation of a course of weekly lectures for women in various cities in the north of England. Under her management, ladies' educational societies have been formed in Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield, and a course of eight lectures by a Fellow of Trinity College, Cam-

The good dame in one of Mrs. Gaskell's fictions is speaking for thousands when she says of the rector and his wife, that they "both talk so much as to knock one down, like; and it's not till they've gone, and one's a little at peace, that one can think there are things one might have said on one's own side of the question." And so again John Sercolacke, introduced by Philip van Artevelde as "our sagacious friend," — than whom a better counsellor need not be, if only he have full scope beforehand to ponder and devise what to say; but, "ask him on the sudden" a simple enough question, and —

" — confounded will he stand  
Till livelier tongues from emptier heads have  
spoken;  
Then on the morrow to a tittle know  
What should have been his answer."

bridge, in the former place, was recently delivered with great success. This course began with an attendance of one hundred and twenty women, and ended with nearly two hundred. An examination was held at the close of the course with excellent results.

A course of lectures on Early English History by C. H. Pierson has been attended by one hundred and eighty students, in Liverpool, and by one hundred at Manchester, where there was a restriction as to age. Mr. J. W. Hales lectured on Early English Literature at Leeds, Bradford, and Sheffield, to two hundred and fifty hearers, and at Edinburgh Professor Masson had about the same number in his literature class. Great interest was shown in all these courses, and the examinations were creditable.

At the Working Women's Classes, in London, Mr. M. C. Conway lately lectured on America and its institutions.

N. Y. Evening Post.

NEW USES OF ELECTRO-MAGNETISM. — For ornamentation electricity is coming into use. You may see at a fashionable ball at Paris a lady on the top of whose head sits a butterfly or a humming-bird. The fly and the bird flutter their wings in the most natural way possible. How is it managed? Why, within the chignon are concealed a small battery and a minute Rhumkorff coil. On the bosom of another may be a brooch, with a head upon it, the eyes of which turn in all directions. This, too, is accomplished by the use of a battery and coil so minute as to be concealed within the brooch itself. These small batteries, easily carried about the person, are the invention of M. Trouvé. The batteries of zinc, excited by solution of sulphate of mercury, are enclosed in vulcanite cells, so that the exciting solution can not escape to the damage of the wearer. London Mechanics' Magazine.

From St. James's Magazine.

## THE TROUT IN CLEAR WATER.

"THE TROUT," says honest old Isaac Walton, "is a right generous fish, feeding cleanly and purely in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and Hampshire, as I think, exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and good store of trout." Hampshire still deserves its good character as the land of bright waters, and the nourisher of a breed of trout, which for strength, beauty, and pluck are not to be surpassed; and it is from the banks of a swift, clear stream, running into the Test, that we would glance at them in their native element.

The river winds through a lonely, quiet valley, for the most part amidst broad, level meadows; and here and there creeping up to the foot of some swelling, chalky slope, the edge of which is fringed with overhanging alder bushes, or drooping willow. Now and then we meet with a group of elms, or trembling poplars, casting their tall shadow across the rushing water; but for the most part, it is open country, and everywhere the river is as bright and sparkling as crystal. In the course of a mile it may wind a dozen times, every fresh curve and bend adding beauty to the landscape, and revealing a succession of deep, clear pools, and rich feeding grounds for goodly fish. And though at times master trout may seem to be dainty enough, and refuse every variety of diet which *Piscator's* larder can afford; or after dining heartily on May fly, devote himself to a tiny, iron-grey midge — just as an alderman may take a few white-bait, after a course of turtle and juicy haunch — there is no doubt as to his being rather a coarse and free liver. There is scarcely any living thing which falls in a trout's way that he will not attack, and swallow, if not too big for a mouthful, including even his own relations. So that when old Walton calls him a "generous" fish, it must not imply any refinement of palate, or nicety of living, but apply to him as it does to old wine, or royal venison.

But let us now stroll down to the river, and see what is going on in the pool below the hatch, through which the stream sparkles and dashes on in the open sunshine. It is a sultry morning in July, and the dew still lingers in beads of crystal on the long grass and sedge; but there is a bonny breeze springing up from the south, and with it come clouds, and a promise of shade. We will jump over this little bubbling water-course, running at right angles away from the main stream, — get down below the

clump of alder bushes, and stand at the foot of the long run. The pool is some thirty or forty yards long, and about ten wide, gradually deepening from a few inches over the sandy shallow, up to four or five feet, where dark green water rushes under the wooden bridge. At the first glance up stream, not a fish is visible, but luckily the sun, which has been shining fiercely down from the opposite side, is just hidden behind a bank of cloud, and as the shadow falls on the water, a map of the country below may be clearly seen. Eyes that are used to such work will easily make out the little clumps of waving weed, the outline of each narrow channel, and bed of pebbles, as well as many of the fish that are feeding. If you shade your eyes with your hand, and look steadily into the shallow about three or four yards off, you will see a half-dozen trout ranging from a quarter to half a pound, a few feet apart, watching keenly for any stray eatable that may chance that way. Higher up, near that tuft of sedge on the left, where the water is deeper and swifter, are three other trout, heads up stream, working steadily against the current, and looking at first as if they were motionless. Further out, two other large fish are feeding, every now and then dashing to the surface, and, having swallowed some truant fly, dropping back to their old habitat. The larger one weighs at least two pounds, and as he comes to the surface, you may detect some of the crimson spots on his side, which glows like a bar of ruddy copper. The strange thing is, that though many fish are feeding, scarcely a fly is visible. But look again, and you will see, hovering over the surface, little clouds of midges, like motes in the sunbeam, and at these the fish are rising. If you take your eyes off the water for two minutes, you will lose sight of the midges altogether, and even of the trout themselves, which are of one colour with the weed, sand, and stones about them.

But a breeze springs up, the leaves of the willow and poplar quiver and whiten, and the whole pool is covered with a sparkling ripple. In a moment, weeds and stones, shallows, swift stickles and trout are all hidden, and now is the time to throw for the big fish. Line and collar have been soaking in the run below for the last ten minutes, and every kink is now fairly out. But take out the quill-gnat and put on a Caperer, of which you may now see half-a-dozen buzzing over the swift water. They have just been blown off the grass above the hatch, and are now zig-zagging over the rough water, little conscious of the greedy mouths that watch for them below. Once

or twice in his gay flight, one of them has unwisely touched the water, and the next dip is a fatal one. His wings are too wet to admit of his rising quickly, and in an instant his fate is sealed. There is one swift dash in the ripple, a gurgling circle in the bright water, and all is over. Now is the chance for Piscator. Never mind the half-pounders in the shallow, but well back from the bank throw daintily some three or four feet above where the unlucky Caperer came to sudden grief. Let the fly come quietly down with the current, past the fatal spot. No sign of our friend as yet. Never mind, he is there, and if not hungry, yet breakfasting with a fair relish. Patience. Throw again; fifty times if need be; and every time with unruffled temper and equal care. The breeze freshens, and the ripple grows stronger; all the better for you. The line is carried out to its extreme length before it falls, but just as the fly reaches the water, the wind gives it one little flick over in the ripple,—there is a sudden splash, and you have him. Gently; shorten your line steadily, keep your rod well up, and bring him at once quietly down stream into the shallow. There; now you have him under command; not, as you supposed, however, the two-pounder, but a fellow of about half his size, who was feeding a foot or two below his worship. It will take you several minutes yet before he is exhausted, as you cannot afford to let him have the run of the pool, and scare all his friends. Now he is in the net, turn him out on the grass, and admire the beauty of a well-made Hampshire trout. Back arched into a curve; small, compact head; belly and sides silvery white and grey, or yellow, spotted with brilliant crimson, grey, and black; and dorsal, tail, fin, of glowing red. And now for the two-pounder. Wait for a minute or two, and he may rise again. There he is! in his old place. Set to work, and make the Caperer fall above him, as lightly as a snowflake. Fifty times in vain! Try fifty more. He is rising freely now, but unhappily not at your fly. He is an old, crafty tyrant of the pool, perhaps, and, up to all the mysteries of feathers and wool, has broken away from half-a-dozen anglers before to-day. Never mind; be patient. Well thrown; at last he has taken that fatal gulp, and as he turns away into his cool retreat, give him a quiet turn of the wrist. He feels it in a second, and is off as hard as he can to an old hiding place, through the rush of water, among the weeds, close up to the woodwork of the bridge. If he once reaches that nook, the chances are fifty to one against piscator; therefore, check him quietly, at once. Let him, if he

likes, take an excursus to the opposite bank, where there is no drooping branch to touch the line, or bed of weeds for shelter. But, wherever he goes, either with or against the current, make him pull out every inch of line he wants, and never suffer it to grow slack. Now he is grubbing under the opposite bank, where he must not linger too long, but be led steadily out into the stream. Once more he feels the hook, and is off again to the top of the pool; now he comes rushing down stream, and, as piscator reels up his line with hot haste, leaping wildly into the air. Luckily you have your rod well down, and the line nearly taut, so that the dangers of the leap being over, you can bring him out of the swift water into the shallow. And here you must fight him by inches, but with good temper. One false move, one touch of impatience, or hasty strain, and you will be checkmated; the line will suddenly grow slack, and your crimson-spotted adversary will roll lazily over once or twice down the shallow into the pool below, there retire into a fastness of weeds, think over what has happened, and gradually recover his bewildered wits.

But you give him no such chance; shorter and shorter grows the line, feebler becomes every effort, nearer he draws to the bank, and at last drawn up to the surface, with open mouth, he turns over on his side—the net is slipped under him—and in another moment he is on the grass; and if your steel-yard is to be relied on, two pounds and a quarter good weight. It has taken you more than five minutes to kill him, and he has been full of pluck to the last. But, side by side with the other fish, you could scarcely believe that both came from the same river, and were of the same breed. Both are of the same shape, and both in season. But the black spots on the larger fish are larger, and more numerous, thickly scattered along the back and belly. The red spots are at wider intervals, and do not reach above the middle of the belly; while the basis of the colouring, so to speak, is of a tawny brown. On the smaller fish the red spots are sprinkled over the whole body; the belly is golden; there is a deeper fork to the tail, while the colouring inclines to a greenish, silvery black. The length of the heavier fish is about fifteen inches, of the other about a foot.\*

\* When cooked, the larger fish cut red like a salmon; the other white as a dace, but both good, firm, and well-flavoured. Walton attributes this difference in the colour of trout to a difference in the soil of the feeding-ground: "If I catch a trout," he says, "in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and if I catch one in the next meadow, he shall be strong, and red, and lusty, and much better meat; and oftentimes so, that the very shape and enamelled colour

Meanwhile a sudden splashing is heard in the little rivulet behind us, where the water is not more than a foot deep. Is it a fish, or a frog? If you look, you will see the back-fin and tail of a trout above the surface, where he is hunting about among the water-plants for food. He winds in and out very cleverly, and is just paddling slowly up towards the bright, clear water at the foot of the wooden hatch. The pool is about four feet square, and as many deep, shut in by steep banks, and on the third side by a sheet of dark wood which bars all further progress. Over this little domain he reigns supreme, calmly devouring every truant creature that invades it. Long ago has every minnow, stickleback, and young trout perished; and he is often hard-up for a dinner. Glance at him from behind this pollard-willow; he is sailing slowly round the crystal reservoir, and snapping up every stray fly and midge. You can trace him by his back-fin, close up to the woodwork among the bubbles, where a thin stream of water makes its way through a crack into the pool. He has been a prisoner within those narrow bounds for the last six months, in fact ever since that wintry flood, when even the clear chalk stream must brim over with snow water, when the sluices have to be raised, and many a little trout is washed away among the meadow grass. It will be curious, therefore, to see the effect produced by so sudden a change of habitat, and so limited a range of hunting-grounds. Put on the smallest of quill-gnats; shorten your line to about fifteen feet, creep quietly up behind the willows, and throw as lightly as a gossamer among the bubbles. If you can, make the fly strike against the woodwork, and then drop into the water. Ha! your quill-gnat has caught in a splinter of the wood, and holds fast. Still; don't be in a hurry. One short jerk will set all to rights, when a hard pull would have snapped the collar. There—all is well, and at the very instant the fly reaches the water, it is seized on, and you are playing a good, strong fish, in a pool four feet wide. Don't give him an inch of line, and above all don't let him go for a second among the grassy roots. He fights hard to get there, for two minutes; but then you have him safe on the bank; and if you were surprised at the difference of outward show in the last two fish, you feel inclined to say of this one—

“*He niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.*”

He is, more or less, black all over. Back and belly are all dark, the red spots fewer, of him hath joyed me to look on; for, as Solomon saith, ‘Every thing is beautiful in his season.’”

though brilliant; and the whole of the silvery side of a mellow brown—the exact tint of the woodwork, and rich, umber soil at the sides of the pool. In all other respects he is a counterpart of the smaller of his two friends out of the river—strong, thickset, and well made, weighing just over a pound.\*

And this leads us to a curious fact in the natural history of the Trout—his power of acquiring an actual change of colour, apparently by the mere exercise of some mere volition on his own part. “Put a living *black burn* trout,” says Mr. St. John, “into a white basin filled with water, and in half an hour he will have become of a far brighter colour. Keep him in a good-sized jar lined with white for some days, and he will become absolutely white.”† Put him into a dark vessel, and in the course of a few hours the white fish will again have changed his outward guise, and become black.

“*Quicolor albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.*”

However extraordinary this power, as described by Mr. St. John, some facts which occurred immediately under our own notice corroborate their truth. The river Plym, which gives its name to the thriving borough of Plymouth, is formed by the junction of two streams, the Meavy and the Cad, flowing down separate rocky wooded valleys, till they meet at the foot of Dewerstone,‡ in the pool below Shaugh Bridge, and both filled with trout. But, though both streams rise on the same moorland, the soil of each valley entirely differs; the bed of the Meavy being fine gravel and pebbles; that of the Cad, dark, peaty, bog earth, and stones covered with moss nearer black than green. The consequence of this difference is, as it were, two distinct kinds of fish, both of which may be caught in the same rapid, below Shaugh Bridge, perhaps within a yard or two of each other; yet one of a brilliant, silvery white, starred with crimson, and the other of an olive or golden hue, as dark as a mulatto, the red spots few and far between. Further down the stream the two varieties intermingle, and produce a breed which partakes to some extent of the characteristics of both stocks, and yet has features of its own. Five miles below Shaugh Bridge, the Plym flows at the foot of some steep hills, and specially the famous Cann Quarry—of pale blue slate, with which the bed of the river is here lined. All along that reach the young trout

\* This fish, when cooked, was firm and of a good red colour, but of a strong, earthy flavour.

† St. John’s “Wild Sports.”

‡ Dewerstone, the fine, old, granite-covered Tor, so charmingly painted by Carrington, in his poem of “Dartmoor.”



obey the law of their being, and assume a garb of dark greyish blue, far more like that of the salmon, or grayling. But the fish are few and small, the diet being of the scantiest kind. By the time the Plym has reached Plym Bridge, it has become a goodly river, abounding in fish of a good size, which have now lost all trace of their moorland origin, and cut red like a salmon. But in the large meadow, just below the bridge, is a deep pond, shut in by a thick fringe of trees. This deep hollow was once the shaft of a copper-mine; the water is of a pale green, and the fish are of the same pallid, unhealthy complexion, and only to be caught by the wariest of anglers; trout with large dropsical heads and greenish bodies. Oddly enough, close by is another pool which afforded one more example of this chameleon tendency of the trout. It was in a little hollow, in which some recent flood had left a foot or two of water, as well as a few scattered fish. In crossing the meadow one September evening, to reach an open bend in the river, we passed this lonely pool, and in mere wantonness took a cast at it. Instantly came up a fish, and in a trice he was undergoing careful examination; for he was about as big as a pilchard, but very long and thin, and brown all over like a ripe filbert. Nor was the cause of his strange complexion hard to understand; for the pool was paved with ruddy autumn leaves, and the water being thus turned into a dye had seized on its few speckled children and stained their pale faces like so many gipsies. A wag who was present said that this snuff-coloured, lanky fish reminded him of Dominie Sampson; and so, till the next drought came, the little patch of water got the name of "*Sampson's Pool*."

But we must hasten back into Hampshire. It is now hotter than ever; the breeze has died away, and the water seems brighter than crystal. But, if well out of sight you look up the pool, you will see that the trout are pretty much in their old places, and though not steadily feeding—in a sort of siesta which does not preclude exertion if necessary. Look across the river to that little bay in the shore, where some cattle came down to drink ten minutes ago. The pool is still muddy where they stood, for a sort of eddy in the curve prevents the water from being carried back into the main stream; and if you look sharply, you will make out the back-fin of a large trout foraging among the roots of grass in the shallow for such few caddis baits as have been stirred up by the kine. In the centre of the stream, too, and in the very spot occu-

pied, only this morning, by the two-pounder, is another fish of the same size. He feeds near the same stone, retires to the same weeds, as his deceased friend, and, in fact, appears to have succeeded to all the rights and privileges of sovereignty. The smaller fish treat him with the same deference, and keep at as respectful a distance as they did from his predecessor. How the vacancy became known, or where the new sovereign came from, whether from the pool above, or that below, or from some quieter nook in this same run, it is not for us to say. But, "the king never dies," his right of succession will be probably obeyed, unless some truant three-pounder make his way up and contest the seat with him. If so the fight will be fierce.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

And here our own personal observation is corroborated by one of the cleverest and kindest of Hampshire fishermen, who knows every pool and fish in this river. He was fishing one morning higher up the stream, when he observed two large trout feeding near together; the one close to a lock, the other a dozen yards or so lower down. All at once the lower fish began to move up, into his rival's territory. His presence was at once detected, felt to be *detrop*; and symptoms of uneasiness were exhibited on both sides by short, restless dartings from side to side of the lock. In another minute the fight had begun, "the trout rushed at each other like a couple of bulls," striking heavy blows with the snout, and knocking each about unmercifully. But neither fish would yield an inch, and the end of it was that both of the combatants were taken out in the keeper's landing net, stunned, and all but dead. Whether they fought as a couple of rival chanticleers fight, for mere supremacy in the farm yards, or how far the case favours Mr. Darwin's theory of propagation by selection, it is hard to say, but of the facts there can be no doubt. And to this instance we must add another, of a somewhat similar pugnacity. Higher up the river, on a branch stream, and close to the roadside, is a mill, and in the meadow above it a stretch of deep water, ample feeding ground for a supply of plump, strong trout. The general run of fish rarely exceeds ten ounces, because the water is overstocked, and the larder which would keep twenty dozen in thriving condition, only stunts the growth of double the number. After capturing eight or ten of the crowd one evening, a much larger fish was hooked, and being brought calmly in towards the bank,

when suddenly endued with a fresh vigor, he set off boldly into the stream. A minute ago he was *in extremis*, and now seemed to have taken a new lease. But it was only a dying flicker. In a trice he was calmly brought to the bank again, and with him came the *causa telerrima belli*, in the shape of a huge, black-looking trout, who hovered close to his expiring friend, and as if in utter bewilderment rushed at him, bit him, and drove him to the extreme surface. So close were the two together at one time, that had any friend been with the angler (who held his rod in one hand and his net in the other), both fish might have been dipped out at once. As it was, the big fish forced the other in his terror to leap about till he broke away, and both sailed down the stream together. This happened more than once, but whether curiosity, sympathy, or amazement, induced the rover to come to the assistance of his friend in trouble, it is impossible to say.

If we wish to see further what scarcity of food will do, let us go down to the narrow, swift run below the mill-wheel. The mill-tail is generally a rich feeding ground for goodly trout, but here the stream, flowing over a hard, stony soil, yields scarcely a grain of sustenance. The wind is still high, and there is a tall railing between you and the water, yet throw as well as you can, up stream. Instantly, both flies are seized on, though you will probably land neither fish. You can, however, see both, just half-a-pound each, and both already almost exhausted. Bring them in close to the railing, and make a plunge with your net at the one hooked to the tail-fly. You have him safe, but the other swings against the railing, and splashes back into the ripple. Now look at your capture. Pale, thin, and narrow, he is about as long and heavy as a small herring, almost of one width from head to tail, and in colour of one uniform dingy grey. But he has swallowed the fly deeply, and you will have some trouble to unhook him. Keep him for examination by-and-bye.

But meanwhile, evening has come on. The wind has all but died away; piles of grey clouds cover the western sky, myriads of flies are abroad, and over the river, Caperers, Black gnats, Whirling duns, and Alder flies. But where are the fish? At the very time one would expect them to be busiest at the top of the water, not a trout is to be seen, except in those broad shallows where small fry are dimpling the stream into shining circles. Here, again, is a mystery. The hours at which fish feed are altogether arbitrary, and seem to depend on laws of

which anglers know nothing. At one moment, far and wide, up and down the river, not a single rise breaks the glittering surface, but in ten minutes the whole surface will be alive with fish. This may last for twenty minutes, or for an hour, or two hours, and then the feast all at once come to an end, though the table is still loaded with viands—time and tide are both fair, and the music of the evening breeze, and scores of dainty songsters among the trees, conspire to give the guests an appetite. Since about three p. m. this afternoon, few trout have been on the move, and now there is a dead lull. Hasten down to the broad ford, below the mill bridge, and see what is going on, where the river runs over an open sheet of gravel. The clouds grow darker and thicker, and there is a heavy shower blowing up. Here come its first drops. Draw out some half-dozen yards of line, throw boldly out into mid-stream in the deeper water below the ford, stick your rod into the turf at an angle of 45°, and let your flies take their chance. It is now raining heavily—so heavily, that most of the gnats, midges, and caperers are driven ashore, or sent water-logged down the stream; but if you look keenly down the reach, you will still see some fish at work. Come back to the elm tree for shelter; here, close to the hedge, and keep watch for ten minutes. Never mind the beetle, as you call it, on your neck. It's only a cockchafer; throw him smartly into the still water by the side of the eddy, and see what becomes of him. He tries very hard to rise again, but his wings are too thoroughly clogged with the moisture, and so he drifts slowly along in the back-water, making little splashes, which grow feebler every moment. Two fish have been at him already, but have given him up as tough and unmanageable, and now a third has seized him, and actually carried him down for several seconds. But he struggles up into dismal vitality once more, and has just got into deeper water, when a greedy half-pounder's jaws open fiercely, and shut upon him with a splash, in the midst of which, however, is heard a far pleasanter sound. It is the loud whizzing click of your reel that is spinning swiftly round at the instance of a good, strong fish. In the midst of the rain, he was roving to and fro in the broad water, foraging for whatever might fall in his way, when he suddenly met with your two flies, seven or eight inches under water, and floating idly about as any couple of drowned flies might do. When first met with, they attracted little notice, but at the second offer the Governor was too tempting to be

neglected. Having hastily swallowed it, and not finding the flavour exactly what he expected, the trout dashed away to the other side of the river, at a loss to understand what the uneasy sensation in his lower jaw can mean. Run down, therefore, and in spite of the rain, bring him to his senses, and then to the shore, across this pebbly beach. But don't hurry him; he is a goodly fish, the strong current is dead against you, and the trees forbid your going any lower down the stream. There, now you have him; he weighs some eighteen or twenty ounces, and is as handsome a fish as you will see to-night.

But the shower is over at last; the air seems sweeter and fresher than ever; the lark is singing her evening song high up towards the blue sky; the sand-martins and swallows are busily skimming across the meadow and the shining river, beyond which the light has just caught the spire of the village church, and turned its shifting vane into a flash of gold. And now, above all, the fish are feeding in downright earnest; not much splashing or noise, but steady work. Stroll quietly down, now, to the broad, open curve of the river above the hatch, where five or six hours ago the whole stream was one molten sheet of glass. Keep well back till you reach the point where you wish to begin to fish, and then look up stream. At this very moment, within reach, are five large trout, all feeding freely, in different parts of the stream, and all to be caught if you know how to set about it. Begin with the fish lowest down the stream. Two throws prove beyond a doubt that you will see nothing more of him. Both were awkwardly managed, and the one tiny splash made by your collar—which has got twisted by the wind—sent him flying across the stream at such a pace as to scare number two. Both are now safe in the weeds, under the opposite bank. Luckily, number three is feeding steadily on this side of the river, and within a yard of the shore. You cannot see him? Close to the tip of that waving weed; mark the little dimpling circles which follow each other in rapid succession. The nose of the trout is just an inch below those circles, and he is rising a dozen times in a minute,—though it would be hard to say at what. You have only to throw cleverly a yard above him, and he is yours. Shorten your line, and come within a dozen yards of him, as he is feeding exactly in front of you. At the third throw you hook him; bring him gently down close to the bank, in the same narrow channel, and before he is at all aware of what is going to happen, your friend dips him out upon the

grassy bank. But it is not once in fifty times that a fish of his weight (one pound and a half), in good condition, can be thus quickly despatched.

Before you attack number four, look well to the state of your collar and flies. Both have been sharply tried; the enemy is in the centre of the stream and looks like a heavy fish, with an ominous bank of weeds close at hand in his favour. You fish for him carefully for five minutes before he notices you; then he rises well twice, and you miss him both times; one can hardly say how or why. But at the third chance you hook him, and he goes to the bottom like a stone, in water six feet deep. Shorten your line, therefore, and prepare for a fight. All at once, for some unaccountable reason, he comes to the surface and begins lashing the water with his tail; a very dangerous pastime which you must not allow. Remonstrate gently by a quiet movement towards the shore. He understands you, and once more rushes into the depths, but not before you have ascertained him to be at least a pound heavier than your last fish. He went down like lead, and having worked his way steadily up into the heart of that bed of weeds, now anchors hard and fast. You must either wait until it is his pleasure to come out; or pull for it. We strongly advise gentle means, persuasion, entreaty; but you look at your watch and the growing dusk, and then glance at that other fish, number five, still steadily feeding under the opposite bank, and decide on adopting strong measures. Three or four gentle reminders have no effect on him; then you try a good, steady pull, under which your rod bends nearly double, and in another second flies back to its original position, while the slack line floats idly down stream. The fight is over and you have the cold satisfaction of finding that your collar snapped at the Bob-fly which got hooked in the weeds as securely as the tail fly in the enemy's mouth. But there is no help for it; set to work cheerfully, repair the broken tackle, and be content, as that prince of anglers, T. B., advises, 'for the future to fish with one fly.' And now for number five. It has grown very dusky in the last ten minutes; put on, therefore, a small, white moth, and if you can manage a dozen yards of line make up your mind to have the last of the quintet. You can but just reach him, and must make haste before the light is too dim to see where your fly falls. At the tenth throw he darts quickly from his usual feeding place, and seizes the moth as it floats swiftly by him in the next eddy, and then as he feels the hook, with much splashing

makes his way across the stream to where you stand, and some twisted roots at your feet. Reel up your line with all speed, and checkmate him by a counter-move down the stream. He is furious, of course, at being foiled, and tries hard to win; but, if you are sure of the strength of your collar, bring him steadily away down to shallower water below. He is now out in the swift mid-current, and your winch discourses right good music. If you cannot check him, and he will go over that little fall into the pool below, let him go. You will alarm all the fish there, but that matters nothing now at the close of your work; and you will have an easier landing place, a smooth bit of gravel, ending in a shallow of a couple of inches. But there you must finish the battle. Directly down the stream his instinct tells him he cannot further go, as between him and the next run is a bank of chalky sand with hardly water enough to float a gudgeon. His only chance of escape is up stream now, through the fall into the deep water; and this you must prevent. He fights hard, but the struggle is over at last, and you have him safe in the net. Let him lie there on the grass, until dead.\*

The last gleam of a fiery sunset is now falling here and there brightly on the winding river; and the alder bushes on the opposite slope, as we walk across the dewy meadow down to the hatch, are all aflame. High above us is sailing a long broken string of rooks, heavily winging their way home to a far-off belt of lofty elms; the swallows are still busy over the stream; and the lonely cry of the corn-crake dies away on the hill-side, where a party of swarthy reapers are binding their last sheaves. Come down to the edge of this pebbly beach, and while your rod is being packed up, we will have a look at the contents of the basket. Seven goodly fish, weighing not far short of eleven pounds, and all, but that half-starved curiosity from the mill-tail, in prime condition. A brace of the best of the fish we will open and clean in the shallow, as they are to travel to London by the early train to-morrow morning. The first shall be the two-pounder out of this very pool. He is as red and bright as a salmon; and had clearly been gormandizing the whole day up to the date of his swallowing that deadly Caperer. He is full of stony, gritty caddis-worms, and in his gullet is a good-sized lump of what looks like half-digested water-flies and midges. The long scarecrow of a fish is almost as

empty as a drum, and has in him but one solitary caddis. The third trout must have feasted for days like an alderman. He is positively full of young fish,\* and among them unmistakably one or two that are not minnows, but clearly of his own "flesh and blood," born

"To sail and glitter through the silvery flood;"

but snatched away into untimely death, perchance by their own progenitor. For, however charming or well-authenticated may be the stories of affection displayed by the whale for her young ones, no such parental affection is to be found here. The trout will feast on spawn before it is a week old, and young troutlings by the dozen not two inches long. Here, in this shallow, on a summer evening, you may see the back-fin of a big fish dash suddenly across the pool, and his terrified kindred flying before him like Hop'o'-my-thumb and his brothers before the giant. Once out in the stream they escape his ravenous jaws, by hiding among the stones, the colour of which is their own; a chance of escape not open to the hapless minnow, whose coat of silver and dark grey exposes him to immediate detection, wherever he may be.

And now, our pleasant day by the Clear Water is ended. Fish are feeding gaily in all directions,† and will feed on for another hour or more yet, at the surface. But, with such a basket-full, there is no need for more; though the generous squire is never so well pleased as when his friends go home rejoicing under a heavy creel. And we hope that our readers will count the day not ill-spent. Your true fly-fisher does more than learn to kill trout, or even to watch the shining waters. "By the side of a pleasant river," says cheerful Mr. Cotton, "thou art otherwise pursuing thy recreation. For the gliding of waters, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the view of delightful prospects, and the various occupations of rural life, shall dispose thee to quiet reflection. While the beauties of Nature, the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Al-

\* Cotton, in his "Angler," tells us of a trout, out of which he "took near one hundred minnows."

† Some idea of the number of fish in this beautiful stream may be formed from the following facts. The May-fly season lasts for about fourteen days, and is at its height from about May 28th to June 7th. During that time, in 1866, the following was the result:—

No. of fish taken, 72. No. of rods, 3.  
Total weight of fish, 147 lbs. 4 oz. Average weight, 2 lbs.

Two largest fish, 4 lbs. 12 oz., 3 lbs. 8 oz.  
Greatest number in one day, fourteen fish, weighing 26 lbs.

After the May-fly season the river is not much fished.

\* The habit of striking fish on the back of the head after being captured is a bad one. It kills them, no doubt, by injuring the spine, but when dressed, they look black and bruised all round the neck and throat.

mighty, in caring for all His creatures; the order and course of His providence; the rewards of a good life, and the certainty of thine end, be thy subjects of meditation." "Atte the least," says Dame Juliana Berners, (some two centuries before honest Walton's time), "the angler hath his hol-som walke, and is mery at his ease; he hath a swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede flowers that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodious armory of fowles, swannes, duckes, and cotes. And if he take fyshe, surely thenne no man is merrier in his spryte than he."\*

Say Good-night, therefore, cheerily to the

\* Treatise on Fyshing, by Dame Juliana Berners. Printed by Caxton, 1486.

passing reapers, and take one more glance at the "pleasant river." The ruddy glow of sunset has faded out of the sky, and a soft mist is creeping over the meadows, as we make our way stoutly up the valley. After ten hours thus healthily spent in the fresh air, the prospect of supper at the village inn is not an unpleasant one. And, if "*optimum condimentum fames*" be true, we shall not need a three mile walk to give a relish to our repast. Hark! as we gain the brow of the hill, the lonely village spire says nine o' the clock, and as the sounds die away, far-off may be heard the faint music of rushing waters as they hurry on to join the silver Test, on its way down to the distant sea.

SAMUEL LOVER, the Irish poet, novelist, and artist, died at Dublin on Wednesday last, at the advanced age of seventy-one years. His father was a stock-broker in Dublin, and educated his son for commercial pursuits; but Lover soon quitted business and devoted himself to literature and painting. A series of "Legends and Stories of Ireland," published in the city of his birth, attracted considerable notice, but he was soon called to London in the hope of obtaining employment as a miniature painter—one of his miniatures exhibited in the Royal Academy having been received with great favor. His expectations do not appear to have been realized, and he again turned to letters, writing some very attractive songs,— "The Angel's Whisper," "Rory O'More," the "Four-Leaved Shamrock," among them. He next published a novel, naming it after his successful song, "Rory O'More," and that the theme might be thoroughly exhausted he dramatized the story and it was produced on the stage under the same title. "Treasure Trove" and "Handy Andy" are two of his later and best known novels. In the year 1844 the versatile author tried a new method of pleasing the public, appearing in an entertainment consisting of recitations from his own works and the singing of his own songs. These entertainments were repeated in this country a few years later, and on his return to Ireland he delivered a few lectures, and retired to private life. In 1856 he received a pension of one hundred pounds a year from the British government. Mr. Lover's works, both in prose and verse, are written in a graceful and pleasing style, and are not wanting in the pathos and genial humor characteristic of the author's race.

Daily Advertiser, 10 July.

THE Mont Cénis Railway is slowly conquering the prejudices of those old-fashioned travellers who prefer the level line, and who would

rather travel by diligence than face the imaginary perils of Mr. Fell's zig-zag over the mountain. Add to these prejudices the alarms raised by interested prophets on each side of the mountain, who predict some dreadful accident as inevitable, and it is as much as can be hoped at present if the number of passengers can just be said to increase. People who allow themselves amenable to reason know that the mountain railway is not only as safe as the level line, but very much safer. The *Savoy Journal*, speaking of the rapid descent of a train over an incline whose gradient is 1 in 12, says that, "thanks to the supplementary brakes, which supply an *ad libitum* pressure on the central rail, the pace may be slackened, and the train stopped almost instantaneously, even when going at full speed on the steepest inclines;" and it adds that "a horse is less docile to guidance than this mountain locomotive." That the line is a success is shown by the fact that people in Italy are already beginning to talk about forming new lines of the same description. One, amongst many others, seems likely, before long, to connect Italy with the centre of Switzerland.

London Review, 27 June.

A Boston rhymester tells why people go to Saratoga:—

"Some come to partake of the waters  
(The sensible old-fashioned elves),  
And some to dispose of their daughters,  
And some to dispose of themselves,  
And some to squander their treasure,  
And some their funds to improve,  
And some for mere love of pleasure,  
And some for the pleasure of love,  
And some to escape from the old,  
And some to see what is new,  
But most—it is plain to be told—  
Come here because other folks do!"